



Also
A NEW MYSTERY featuring

POW-WOW SMITH
INDIAN LAWMAN



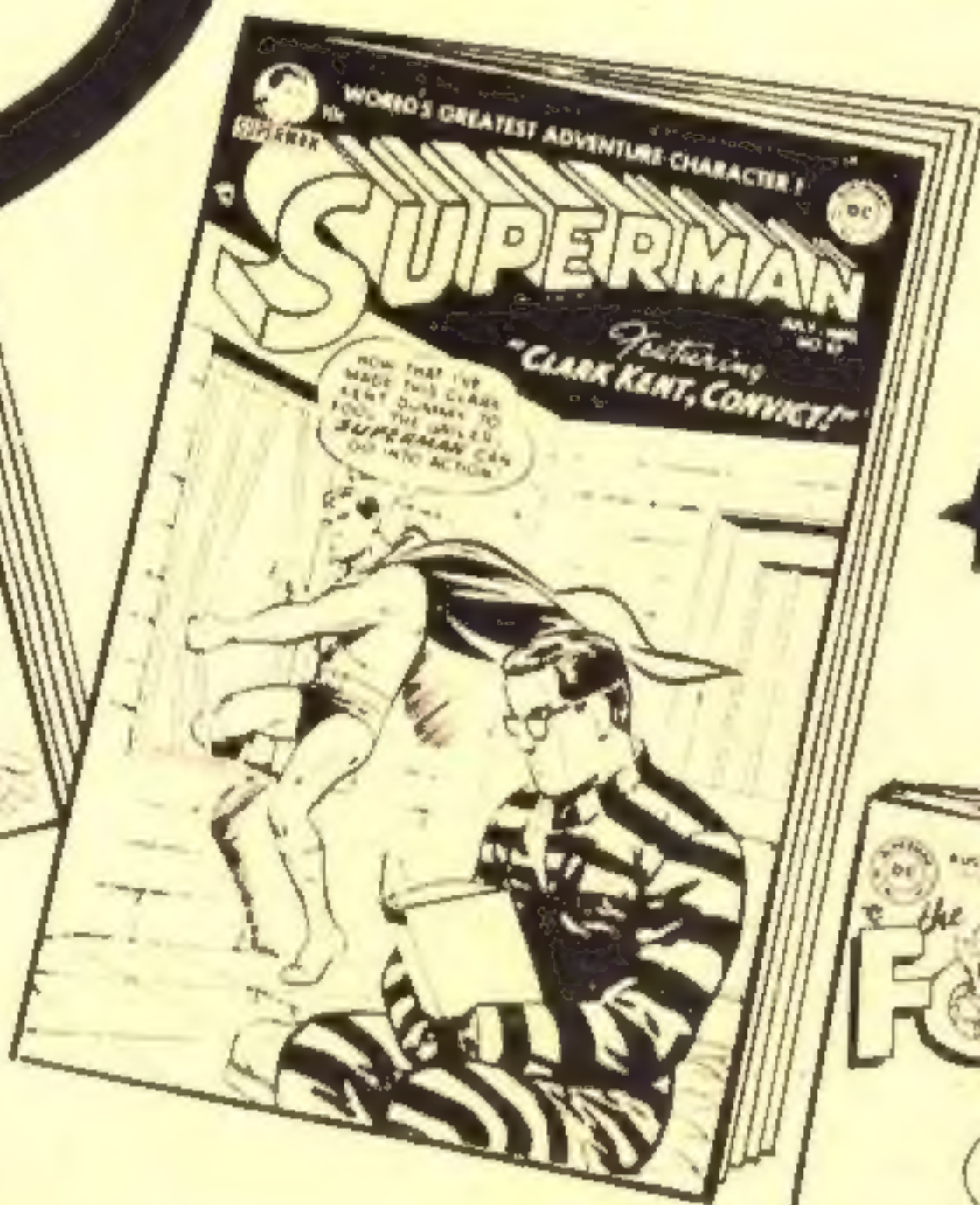
Detective COMICS

10c
AUG. NO. 198

Starring
BATMAN
and ROBIN
in "The
Lord of
Batmanor!"



THE LINE OF STARS



--AND THIS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE
IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN COMICS READING!

BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

BATMAN AND
ROBIN ARE FIGHTING
THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER!

VERY RARELY
DO BATMAN AND
ROBIN JOURNEY ABROAD
TO CRACK A CASE, AND WHEN
THEY DO, YOU CAN BE SURE
IT'S ONE THAT CHALLENGES
THEIR POWERS TO THEIR UTMOST.
NOW, TO SCOTLAND THEY'RE
SUMMONED, WHERE A CENTURIES'
OLD MYSTERY IS ENLIVENED WITH
PRESENT-DAY PERIL, AND OUR
FAMED LAWMAN BECOMES---

The **LORD**
OF
BATMANOR!

BOB
KANE

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FATE WEAVES A STRANGE FUTURE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN... AND THE TANGLED THREAD BEGINS IN AN ANCIENT CASTLE IN FARAWAY SCOTLAND...

LOOK HOW MANY BATS FLY OVER THE OLD CASTLE!

AYE, THEY COME FROM CAVES IN THE HILLS --- IT'S WHY THE MCLAUGHLIE CASTLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN CALLED BATMANOR!

BUT ON THIS NIGHT THE OLD LORD OF BATMANOR, ANGUS MCLAUGHLIE, LIES DYING WITH ONE GREAT REGRET ON HIS MIND!

IT'S MR. SMATHERS, THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE, SIR!

SEND HIM IN --- PERHAPS HE'S SOLVED THE RIDDLE AT LAST!

BUT WHEN SAM SMATHERS, AMERICAN "SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE," ENTERS...

I'M SORRY--- BUT ALL MY EFFORTS HERE HAVEN'T SOLVED THE MCLAUGHLIE MYSTERY! AFTER ALL, WHO COULD SOLVE A MYSTERY OF FOUR CENTURIES AGO?

THEN THE FAMILY HONOR OF THE MCLAUGHLIES WILL NEVER BE CLEARED OF THE CLOUD THAT'S RESTED ON IT SO LONG ...

"...YES, IT WAS 400 YEARS AGO THAT THE MCLAUGHLIE OF BATMANOR WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE ROYAL GOLD."

THE KING SENDS THIS GOLD, FOR YOU TO KEEP SAFE FOR HIM DURING THE WARS!

I'LL HIDE IT WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE UNTIL THE KING WANTS IT!

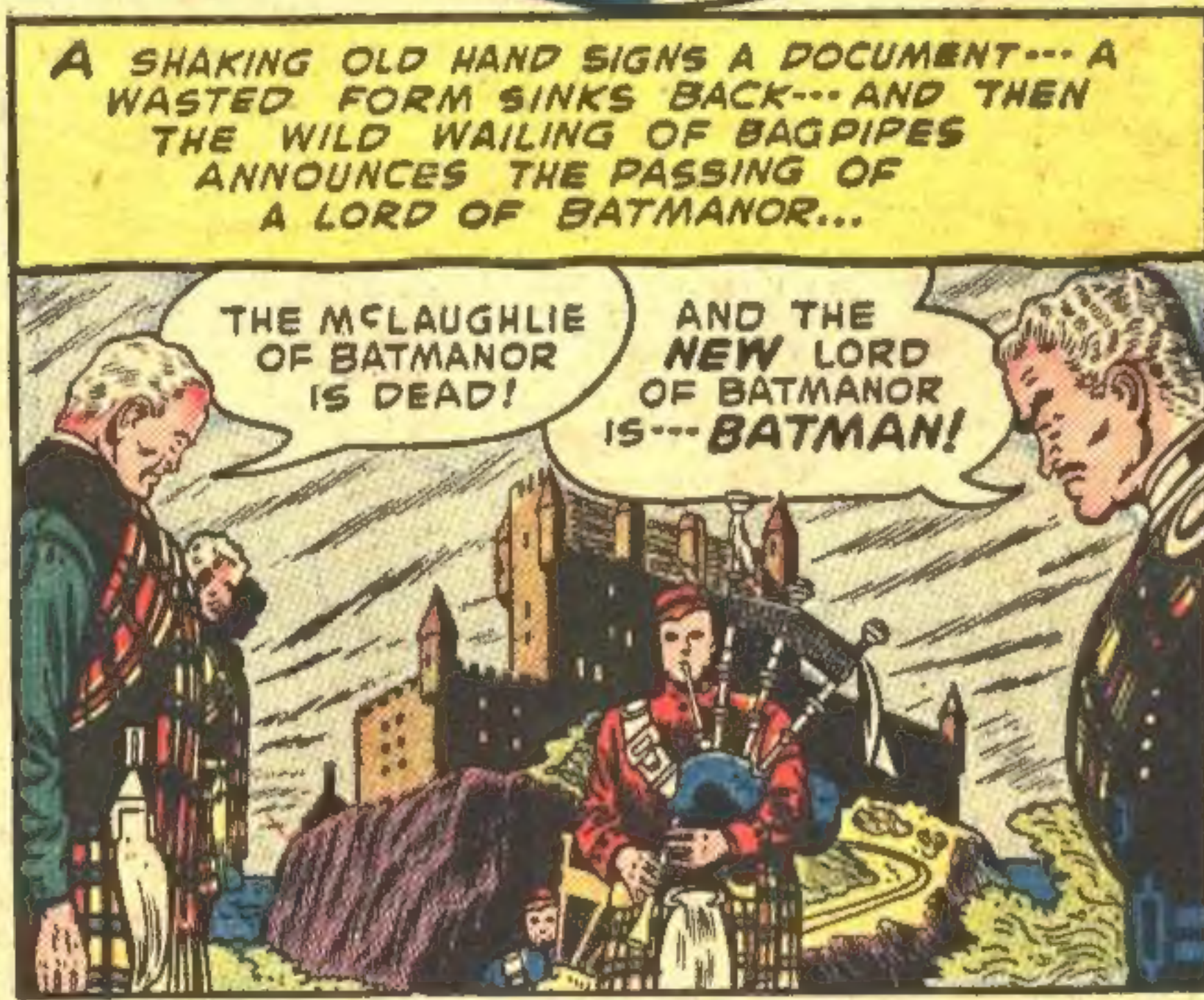
"BUT MY ANCESTOR HID IT TOO WELL--- FOR WHEN HE WAS KILLED IN THE WARS, THE SECRET OF THE HIDING PLACE DIED WITH HIM!"

"THUS WAS BORN THE SUSPICION THAT THE MCLAUGHLIES HAD STOLEN IT!"

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY FATHER HID IT FOR SAFEKEEPING--- I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE AND CAN'T FIND IT!

I'LL NOT FOREGATHER WITH THE MCLAUGHLIES WHO STOLE THE KING'S TREASURE!

NOR I! NOR I!



AND IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

FRANKLY, I FEEL OBLIGATED TO GO OVER THERE AND TRY TO SOLVE THAT OLD MYSTERY! APPARENTLY, THAT'S WHY THE CASTLE WAS LEFT TO ME!

I UNDERSTAND, **BATMAN**... AND SINCE YOU'VE CLEANED UP GOTHAM CITY'S UNDERWORLD PRETTY WELL RIGHT NOW, THERE'S NO REASON YOU CAN'T GO!

SOON, OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC RACES THE **BATPLANE**, BEARING THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE DUO, ON ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF THEIR LIVES...

SINCE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ON A VACATION TRIP, WE WON'T BE MISSED IN OUR OTHER IDENTITIES!

I'M KEEN ON THIS TRIP, **BATMAN**! STRANGE, THAT YOU SHOULD INHERIT **BATMANOR**! I SUPPOSE THE NAME IS WHAT MADE THE OLD LORD THINK OF YOU!

AT LAST, THE SUPER-STREAMLINED **BATPLANE** APPROACHES A PLACE THAT BREATHES OF THE FAR PAST!

THAT MUST BE **BATMANOR CASTLE**! AND LOOK AT THE CROWD IN FRONT OF IT WAITING TO GREET YOU!

I WASN'T EXPECTING A RECEPTION, **ROBIN**! WE'LL LAND NEAR THE CASTLE!

BUT SUDDENLY A TERRIFYING SIGHT...

LOOK, THE DRY HEATHER'S ON FIRE!

IT'LL CROSS THE NARROW ROAD AND BURN UP OUR WHOLE VILLAGE BEFORE WE CAN GET THERE!

BUT THE **BATMAN** HAS REACTED SWIFTLY TO THE EMERGENCY...

THAT FIRE WILL NEVER STOP AT THAT NARROW ROAD!

NO, BUT A **BACKFIRE** ABOVE THE ROAD WOULD DO IT!

UP AMONG THE CRAGGY HILLS, SAM SMATHERS AND HIS NEWLY-ARRIVED UNDERWORLD CRONIES SMIRK...

THAT FIRE WE STARTED WILL DRAW EVERYONE AWAY FROM THE CASTLE TO THE VILLAGE... THEN WE'LL GET OUR CHANCE TO ENTER IT!

AS THE BATPLANE DIPS, ITS FLAMING JETS GO INTO ACTION...

THE ROAD ITSELF KEEPS OUR BACKFIRE FROM SPREADING TOWARD THE VILLAGE! IT'LL BURN OFF A STRIP THAT THE MAIN FIRE CAN'T CROSS!



THE BATPLANE'S BACKFIRE STOPPED IT--- THE FEW FOLK LEFT IN THE VILLAGE CAN PUT OUT ANY STRAY SPARKS!

BATMAN RUINED OUR SCHEME TO GET EVERYONE OUT OF THE CASTLE! BUT I HAD AN ALTERNATIVE SCHEME IF THIS ONE FAILED--- AND THAT ONE WILL WORK!



HE SAVED OUR VILLAGE!

WELCOME, BATMAN!



AWE, WE ALL FEEL YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REMOVE THE CLOUD FROM THE NAME OF BATMANOR, EVEN THOUGH YOUR FELLOW AMERICAN SLEUTH, MR. SMATHERS, FAILED!

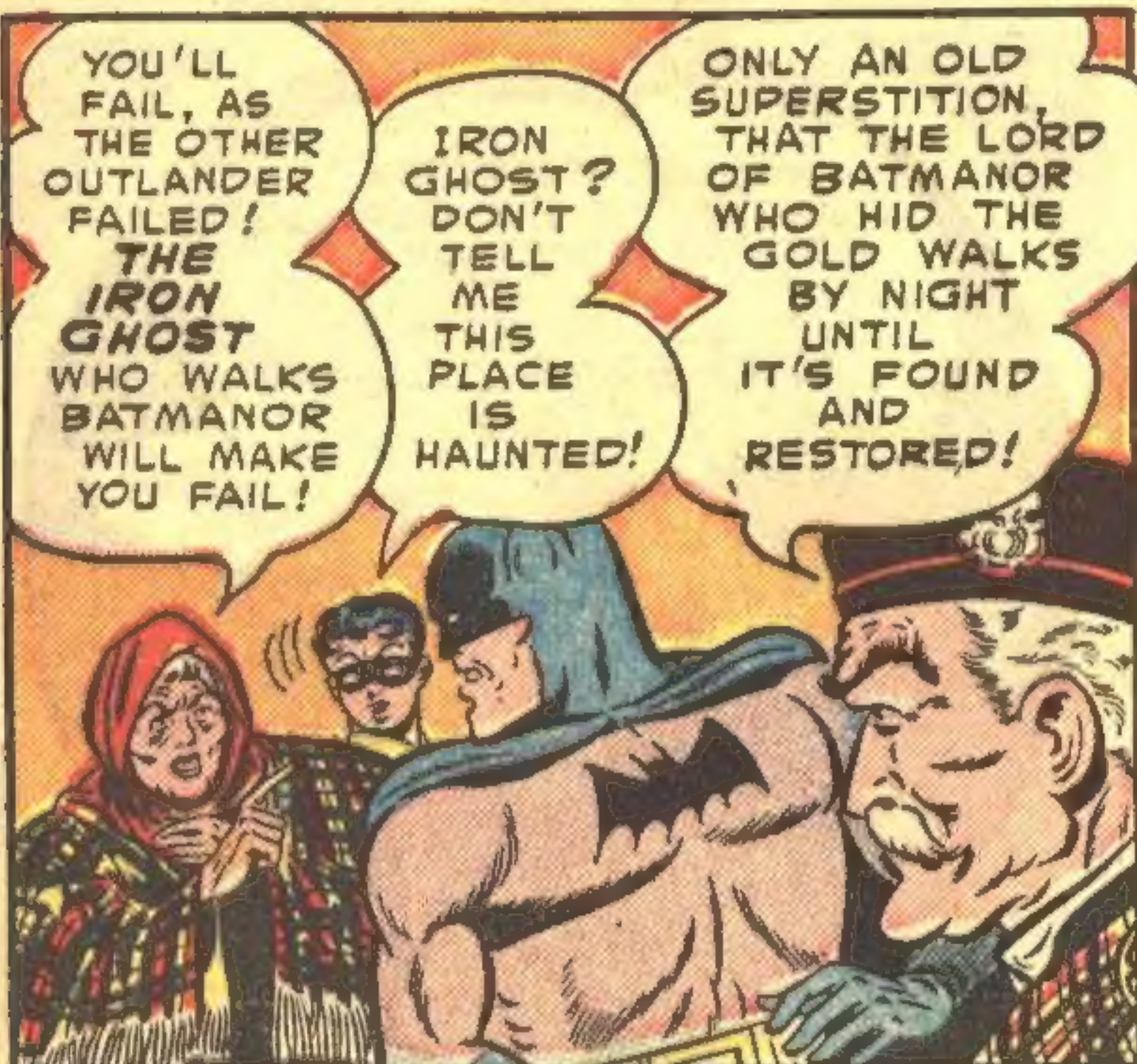
I DON'T REMEMBER ANY DETECTIVE BY THAT NAME! ANYWAY, I'LL DO MY BEST---BUT GOLD LOST FOR FOUR CENTURIES WON'T BE EASY TO FIND!



YOU'LL FAIL, AS THE OTHER OUTLANDER FAILED! THE IRON GHOST WHO WALKS BATMANOR WILL MAKE YOU FAIL!

IRON GHOST? DON'T TELL ME THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

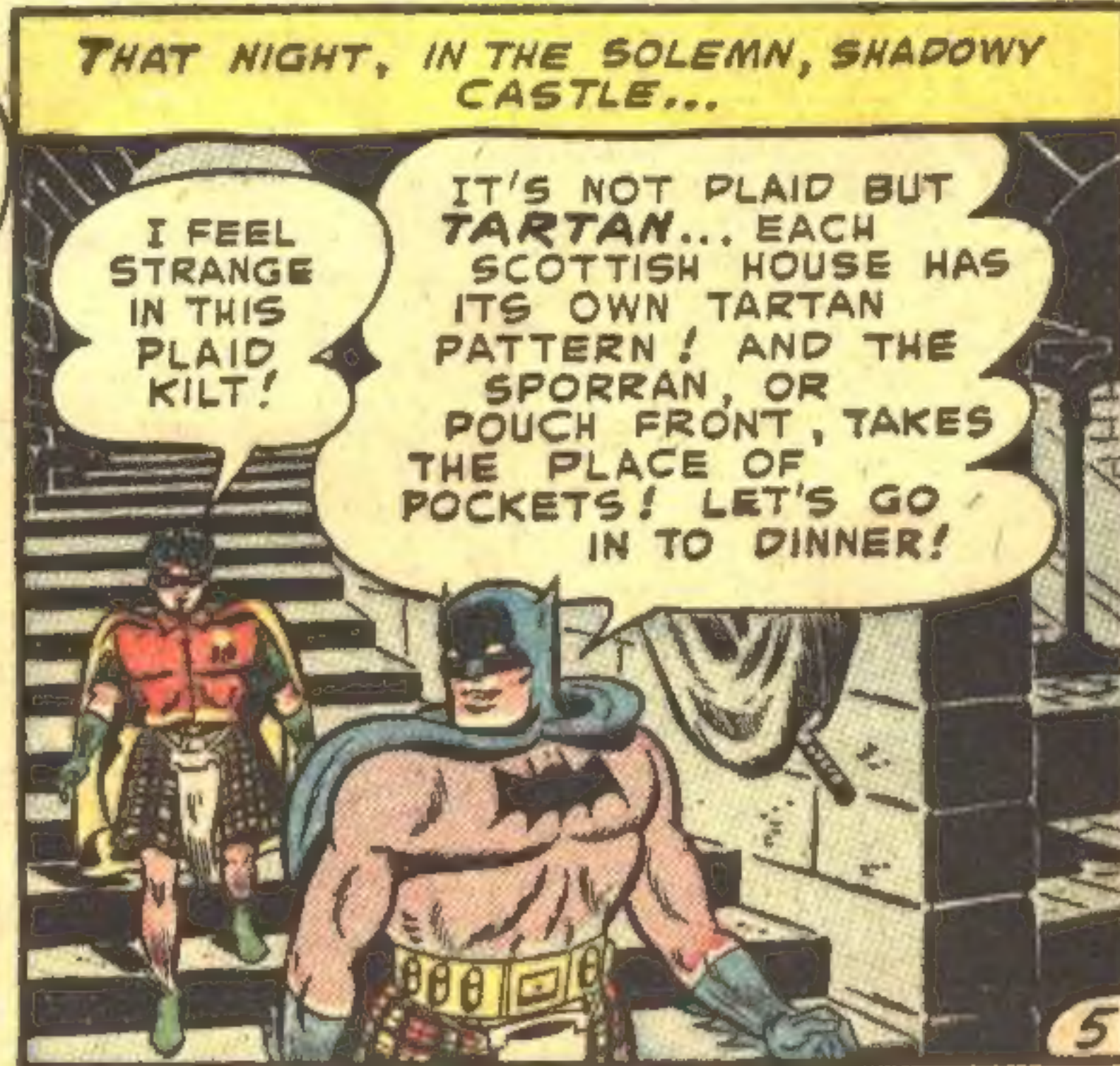
ONLY AN OLD SUPERSTITION, THAT THE LORD OF BATMANOR WHO HID THE GOLD WALKS BY NIGHT UNTIL IT'S FOUND AND RESTORED!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE SOLEMN, SHADOWY CASTLE...

I FEEL STRANGE IN THIS PLAID KILT!

IT'S NOT PLAID BUT TARTAN... EACH SCOTTISH HOUSE HAS ITS OWN TARTAN PATTERN! AND THE SPORRAN, OR POUCH FRONT, TAKES THE PLACE OF POCKETS! LET'S GO IN TO DINNER!





IN THE GLOOMY STONE PASSAGE, SWARMING BATS INDICATE HOW BATMANOR GOT ITS NAME...

THE CORRIDOR GOES FROM BEHIND THE CASTLE, TO AN OLD ROAD!

A CAR CAME HERE WITH THE "IRON GHOST," TURNED AROUND, AND WENT AWAY AGAIN! IT WAS A BRITISH CAR BUT THE DRIVER WAS AN AMERICAN! WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO BED!

WHAT'S THAT? HOW CAN BATMAN TELL A MAN'S NATIONALITY FROM HIS CAR-TRACKS?

NEXT MORNING, THE SEARCH GETS UNDER WAY IN EARNEST...

NOTHING IN THIS ARMORY BUT SOLID STONE WALLS!

THESE OLD CLAYMORES WERE MAN-SIZED SWORDS! BUT I'D STILL LIKE TO TRY ONE OF THOSE BAGPIPES!

AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOAT...

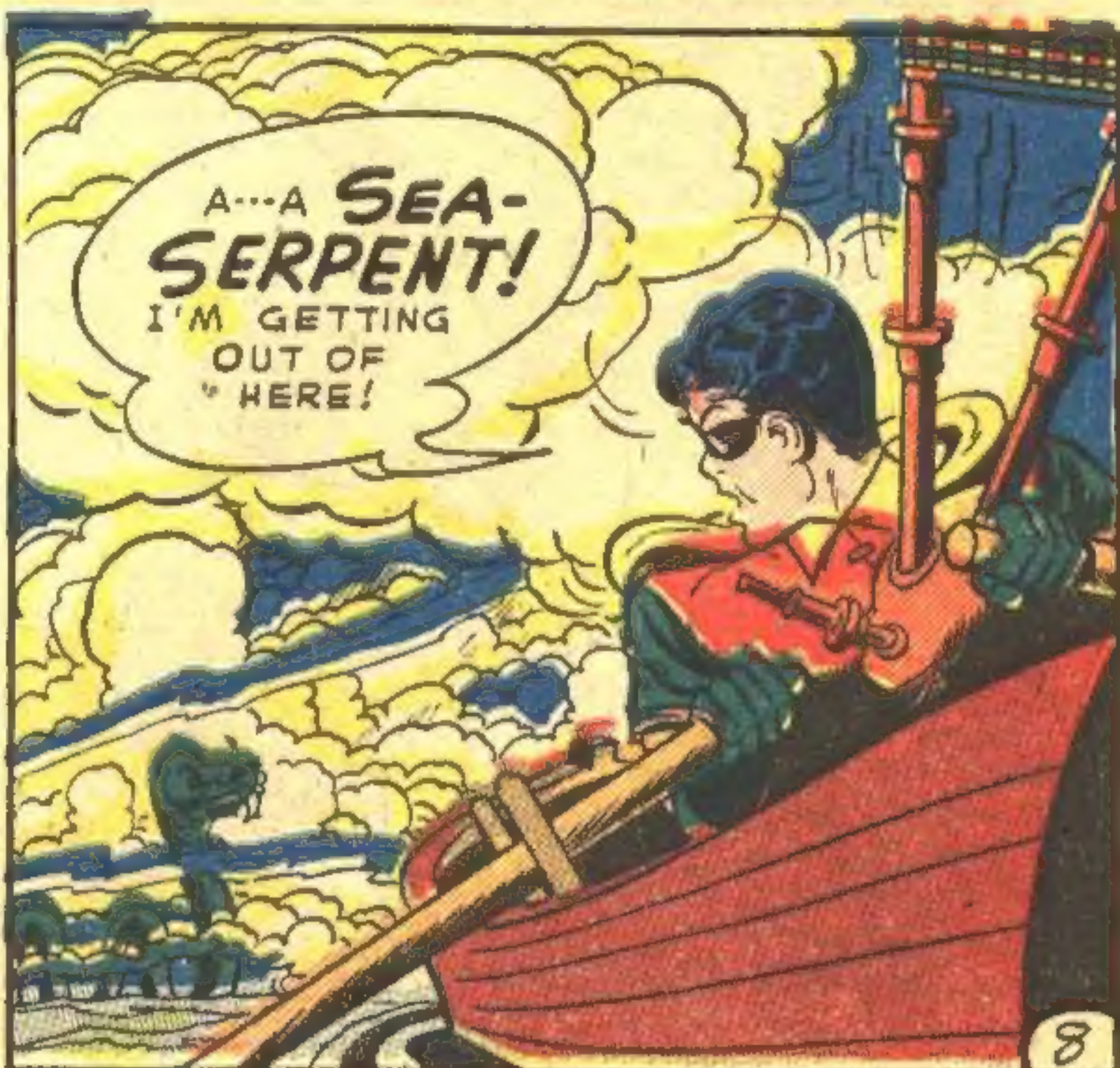
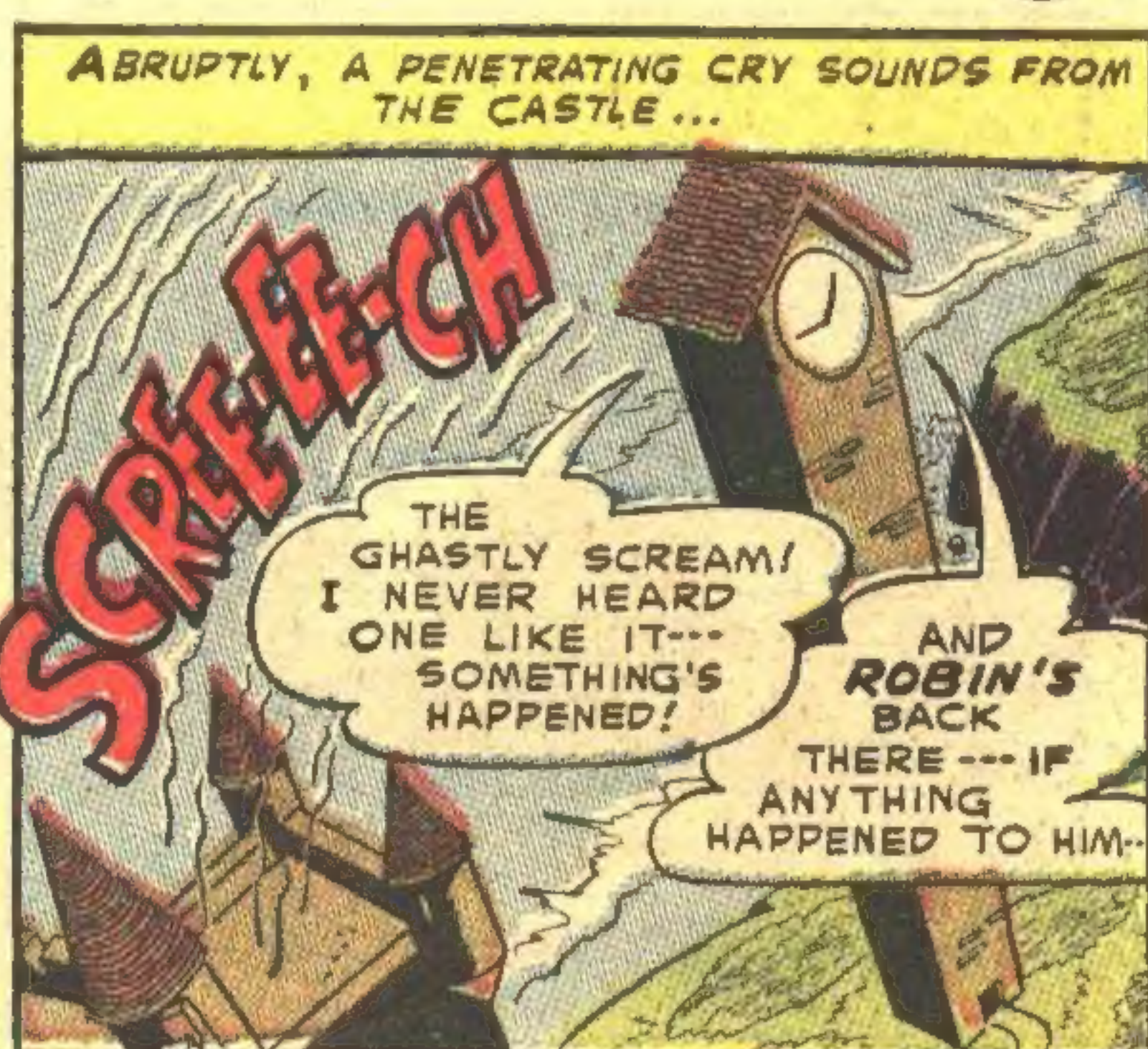
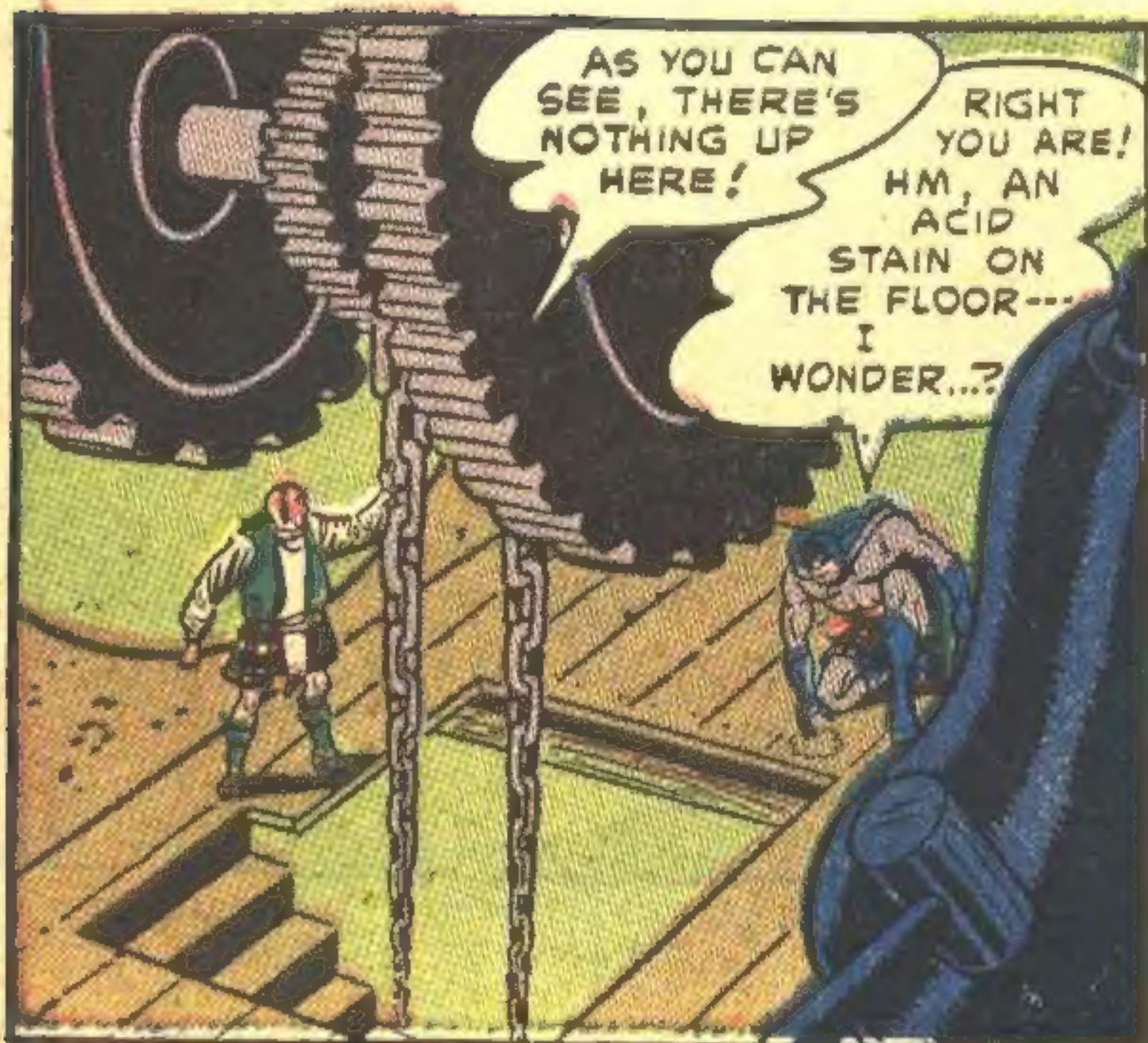
THERE'S NOTHING DOWN HERE!

I DREW A BLANK IN THE CASTLE. MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH THE TOWER AND THE GROUNDS!

THIS ANCIENT CLOCK-TOWER IS ONE OF THE PRIZED RELICS OF BATMANOR!

THE GREAT CLOCK RUNS FOR MANY DAYS BEFORE THE GREAT WEIGHTS HAVE TO BE DRAWN UP AGAIN!

WITH ALL THESE PLACES SEARCHED FOR 400 YEARS, IT HARDLY SEEMS LIKELY THE GOLD IS STILL TO BE FOUND!



BUT WHEN THE **BOY WONDER** RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE TO **BATMAN**...

BUT I SAW IT, I TELL YOU!

HA... THE LAD'S SEEN THE LOCH NESS MONSTER, HERE AT BATMANOR! THAT'S A STRANGE THING!

YOU SEE, **ROBIN**, PEOPLE HAVE THOUGHT THEY SAW A SEA-SERPENT IN SCOTLAND BEFORE, IN LOCH NESS BUT OF COURSE, NOBODY BELIEVED THE STORY!

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! THERE'S MANY THINK THAT GRUESOME MONSTER **DOES** EXIST!

IF IT DOES, IT COULD COME HERE! WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME AND TAKE A LOOK?

BUT, ON THE BAY, ONLY FOG AND SILENCE AWAIT THEM...

NOW, **ROBIN**, ISN'T THIS GOING A BIT...?

BATMAN, LOOK!

THERE IT IS... AND IT'S HEADING TOWARD THOSE FISHING-BOATS COMING IN FROM SEA!

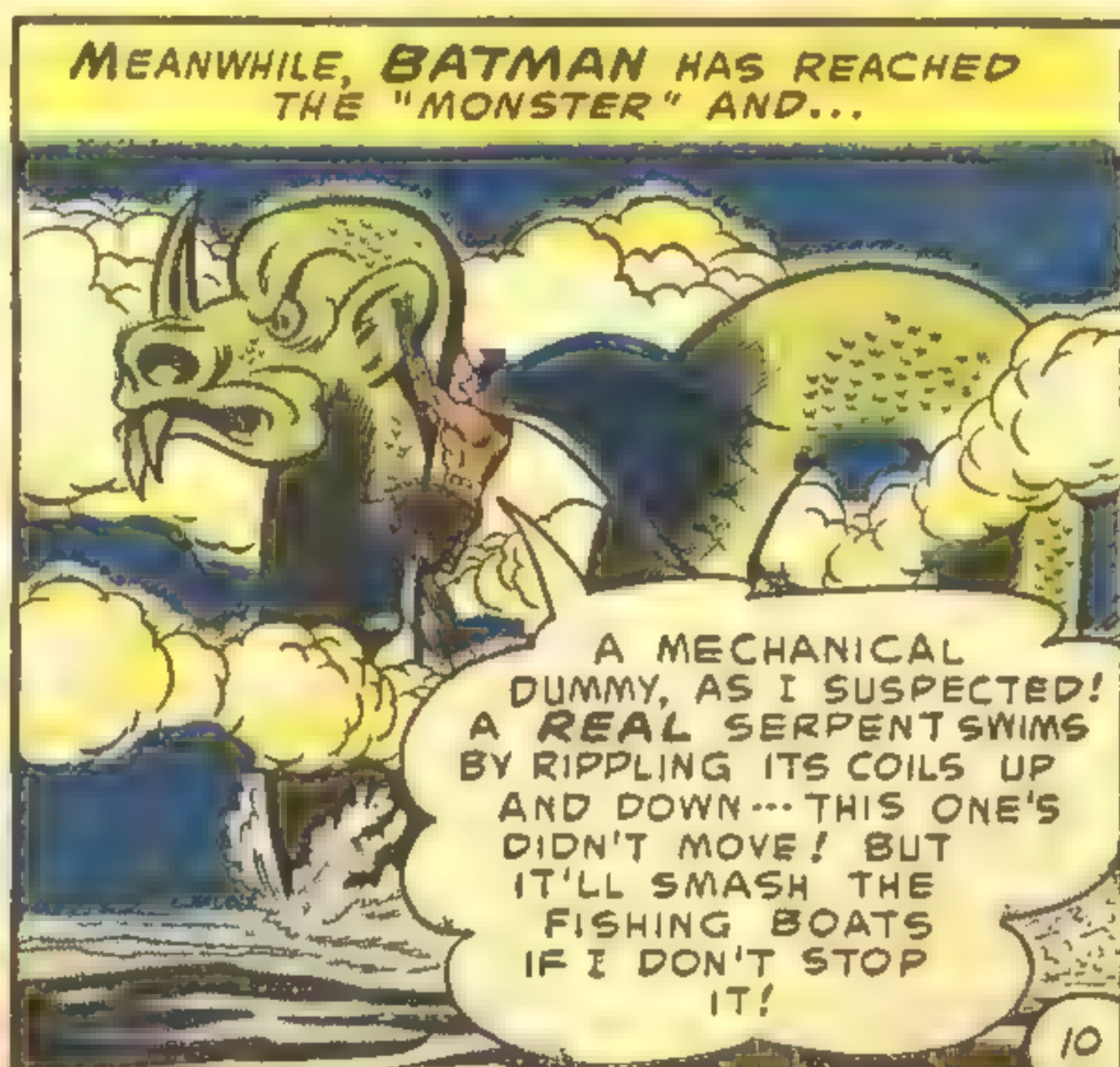
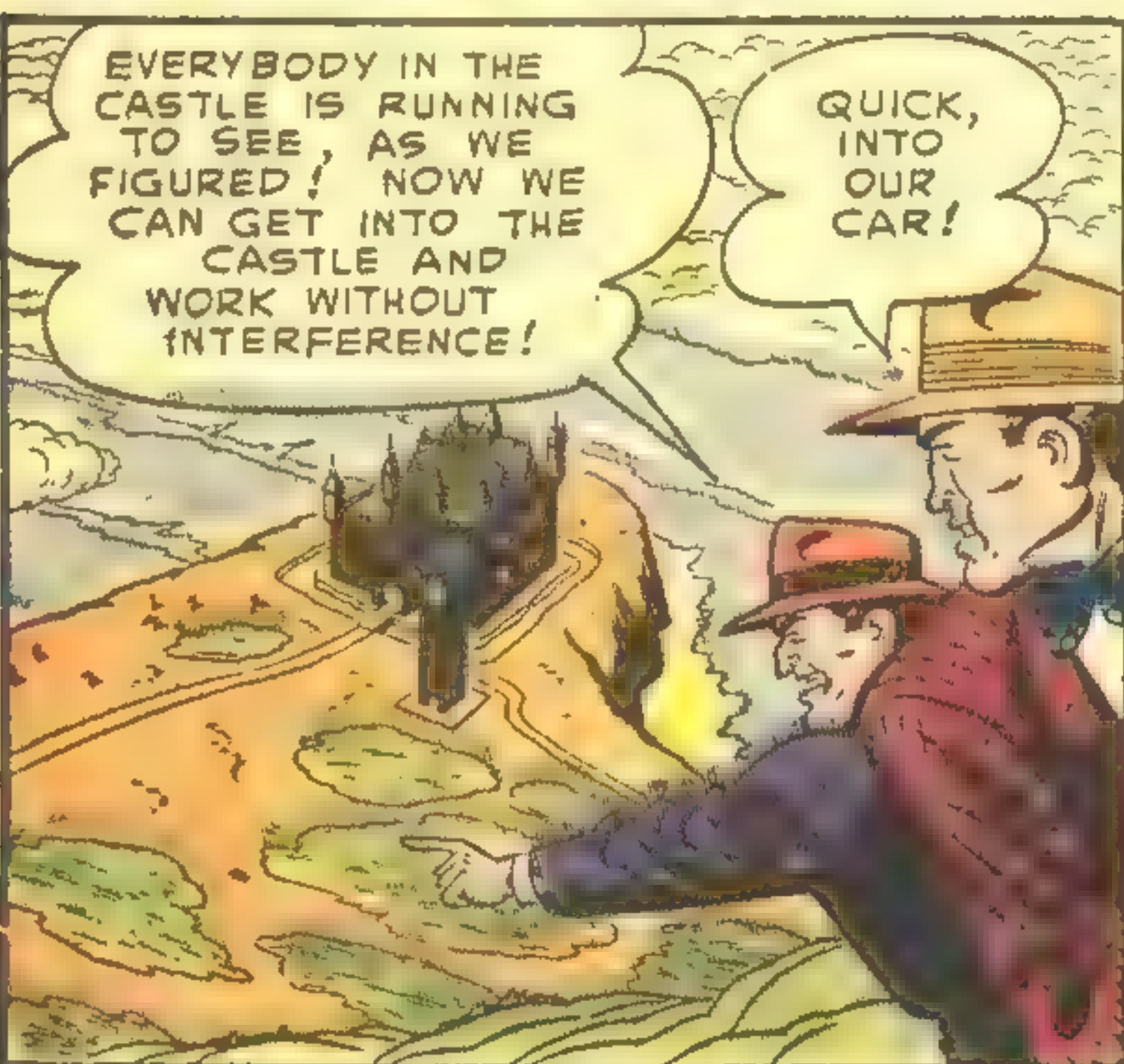
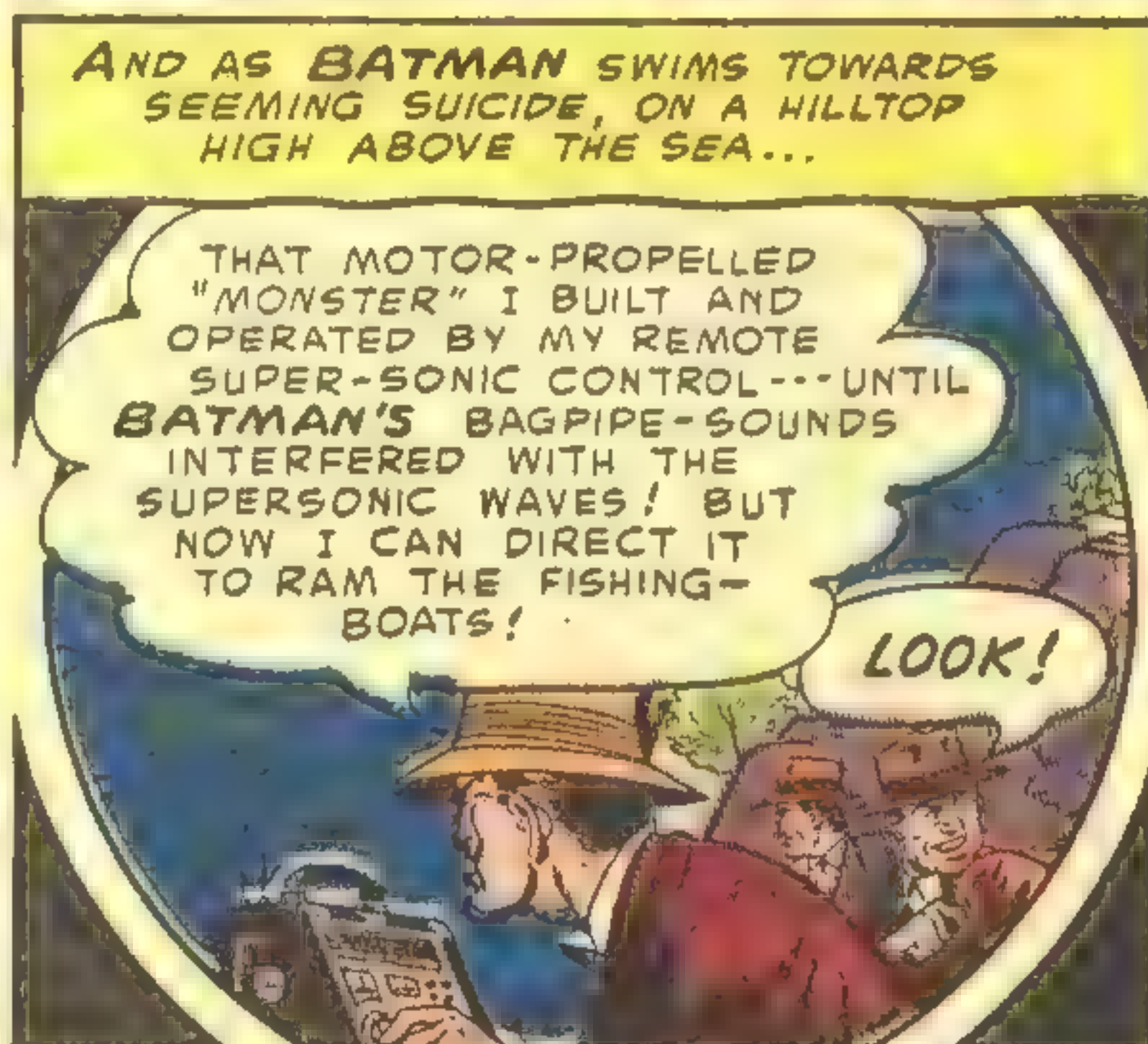
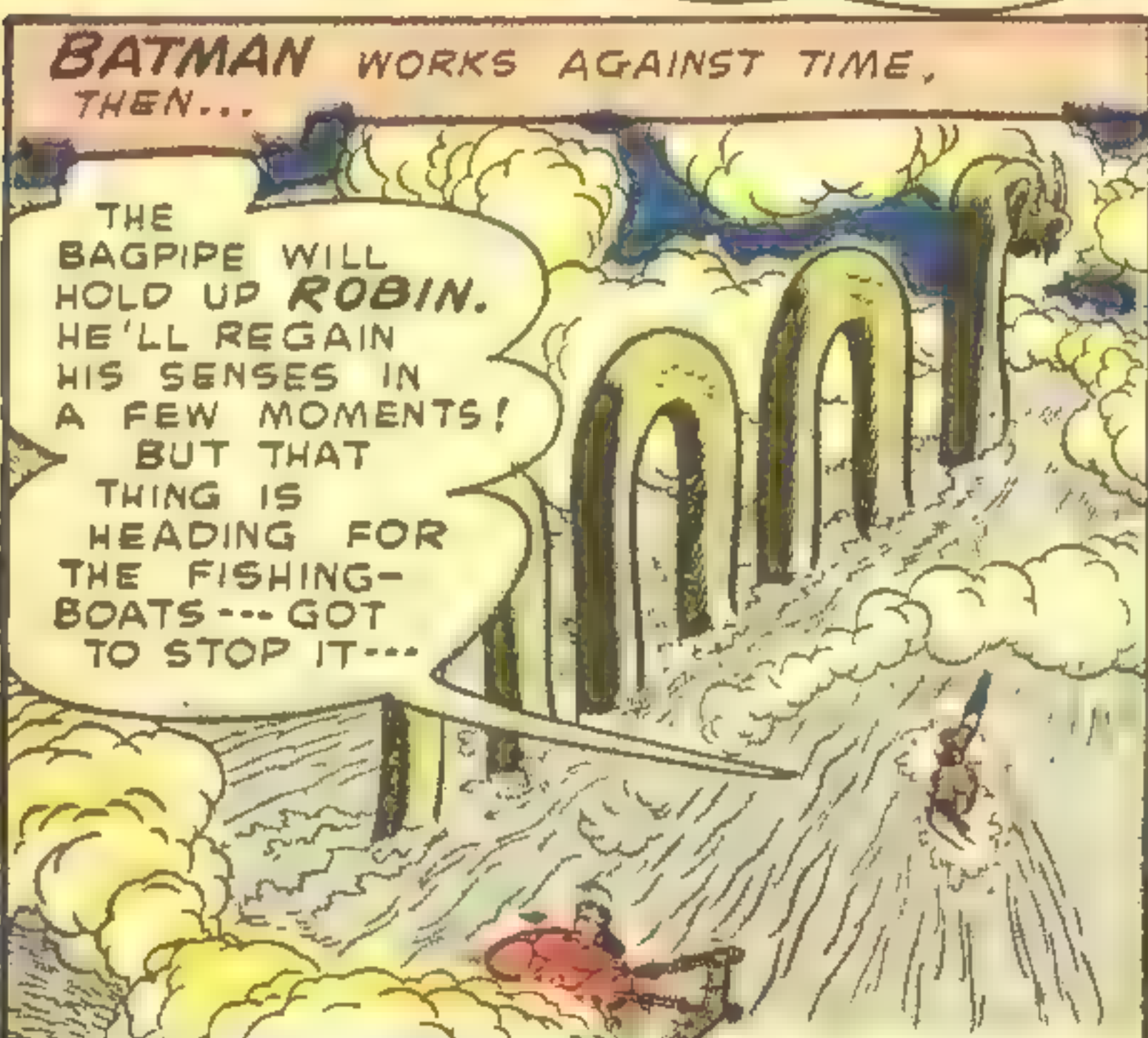
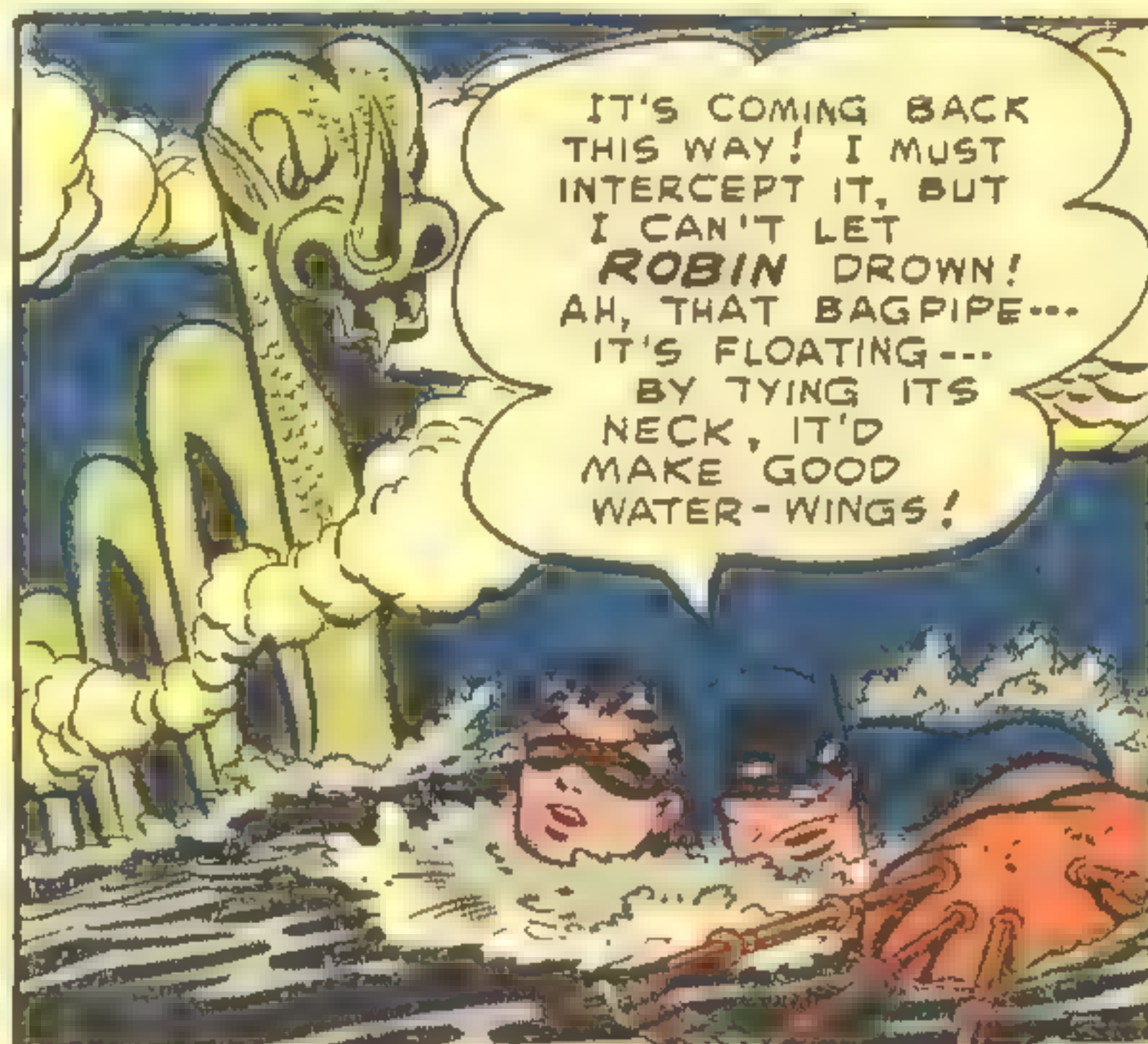
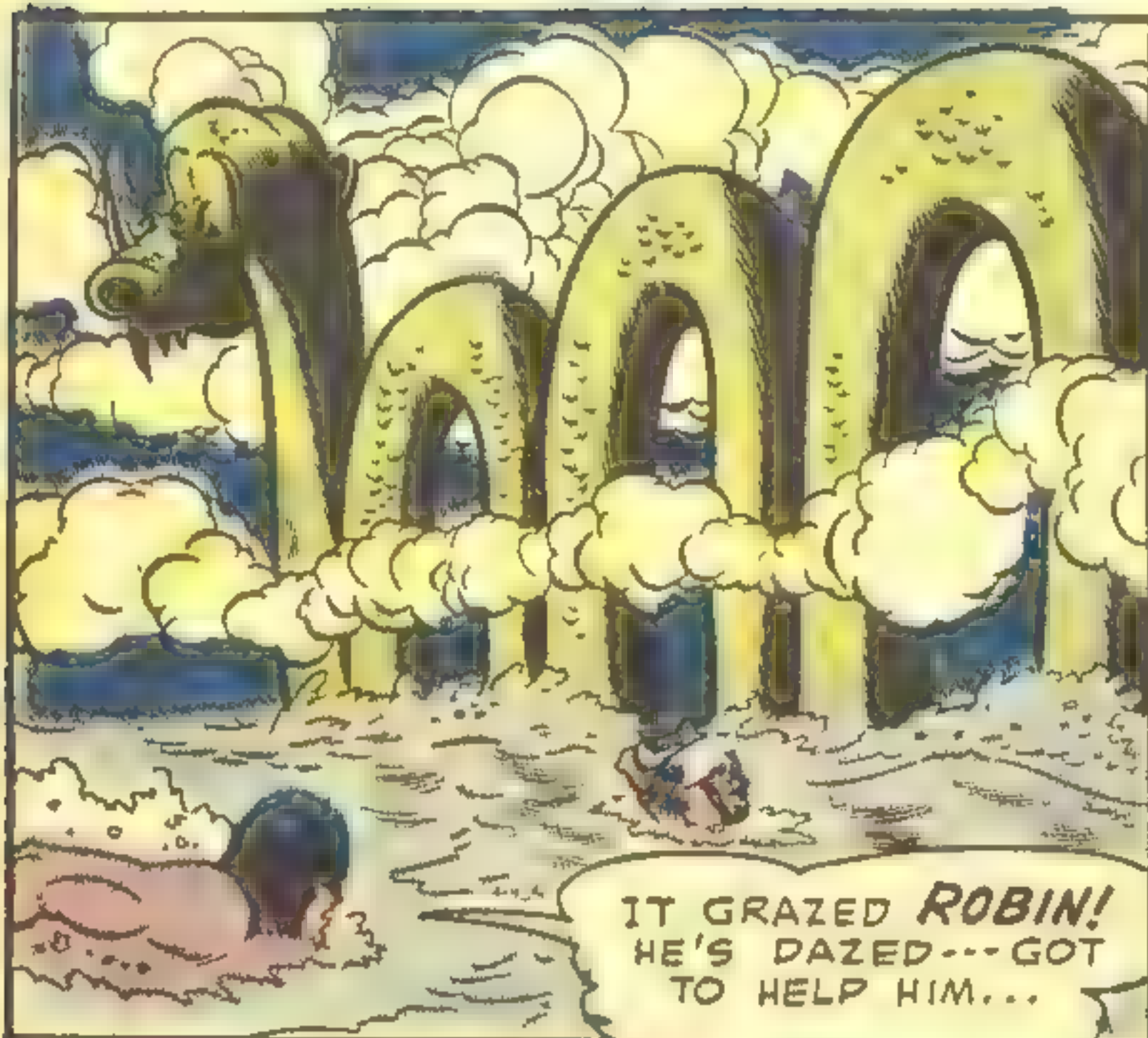
BUT SUCH A BEAST CAN'T BE, UNLESS... WAIT! YOU SAID YOU WERE PLAYING YOUR BAGPIPE WHEN IT CAME TOWARD YOU? **GIVE ME THAT PIPE!**

AND AS THE **BATMAN** BLOWS A WEIRD, SHRILL STRAIN...

BATMAN, LOOK OUT... IT'S HEADING THIS WAY!

I THOUGHT SO! THE BAGPIPE DID IT... BUT IT'S GOING TO RUN US DOWN...

DIVE CLEAR, ROBIN!



RACING FROM CASTLE AND VILLAGE, THE NATIVES VIEW A TERRIBLE SCENE...

THE MONSTER HAS BATMAN!

IT'S SWALLOWING HIM!

BUT BATMAN DELIBERATELY ENTERED THE FAKE SEA-SERPENT'S THROAT...

BY RIPPING OUT THESE WIRES, I OUGHT TO CUT OFF ITS POWER---
AH, THE THING'S HARMLESS NOW!

NOW TO GET BACK TO ROBIN...

A SUPERSONIC-CONTROLLED MECHANICAL FAKE? BUT WHY---

QUICK, ROBIN, TO THE CASTLE! WE COULD BE TOO LATE TO CATCH THEM!

CATCH WHO? AND IF YOU'RE GOING BY THAT TOWER-CLOCK, THERE'S NO HURRY, FOR IT'S WRONG BY HOURS!

THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE--- BECAUSE THAT CLOCK'S WRONG!

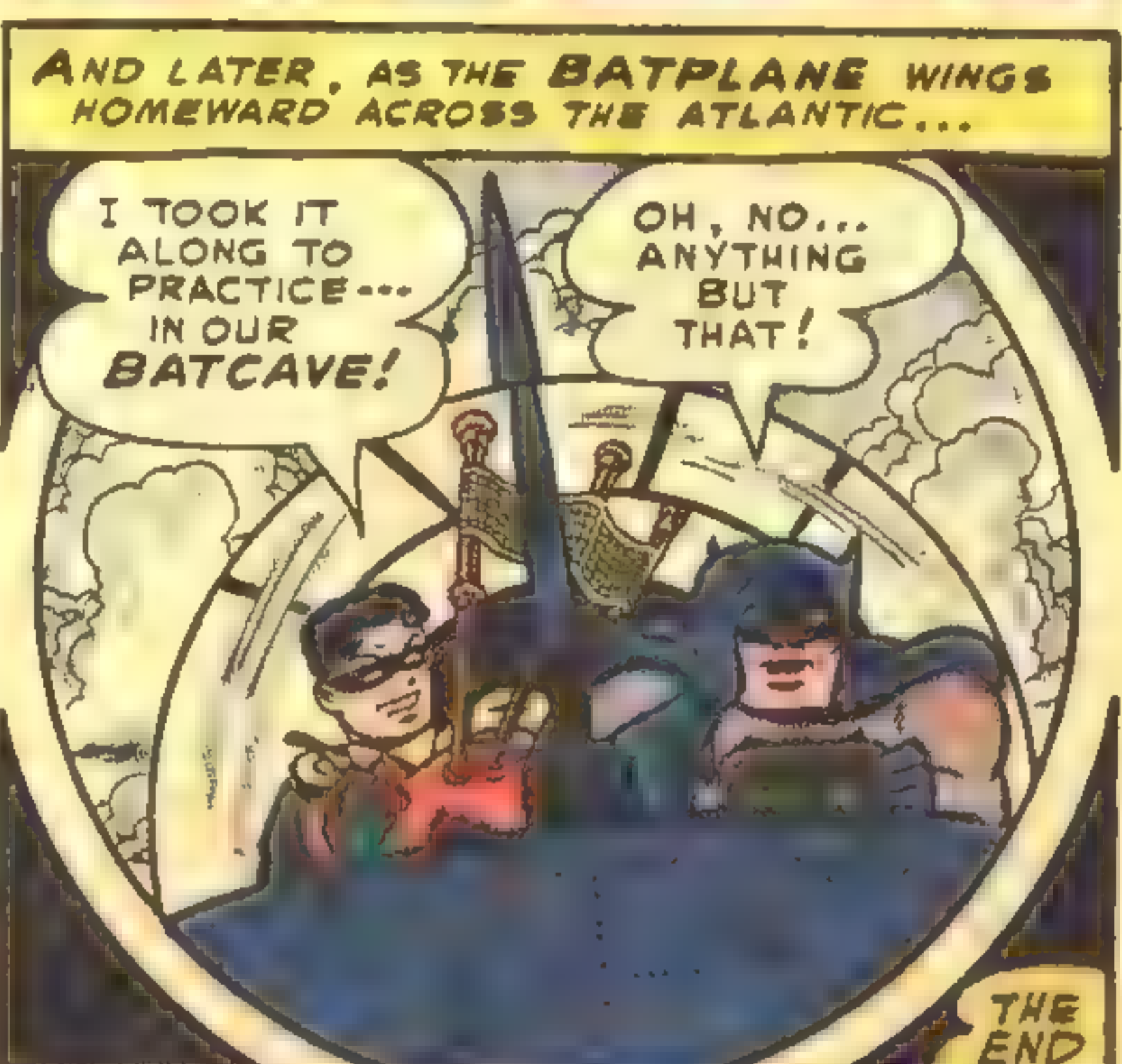
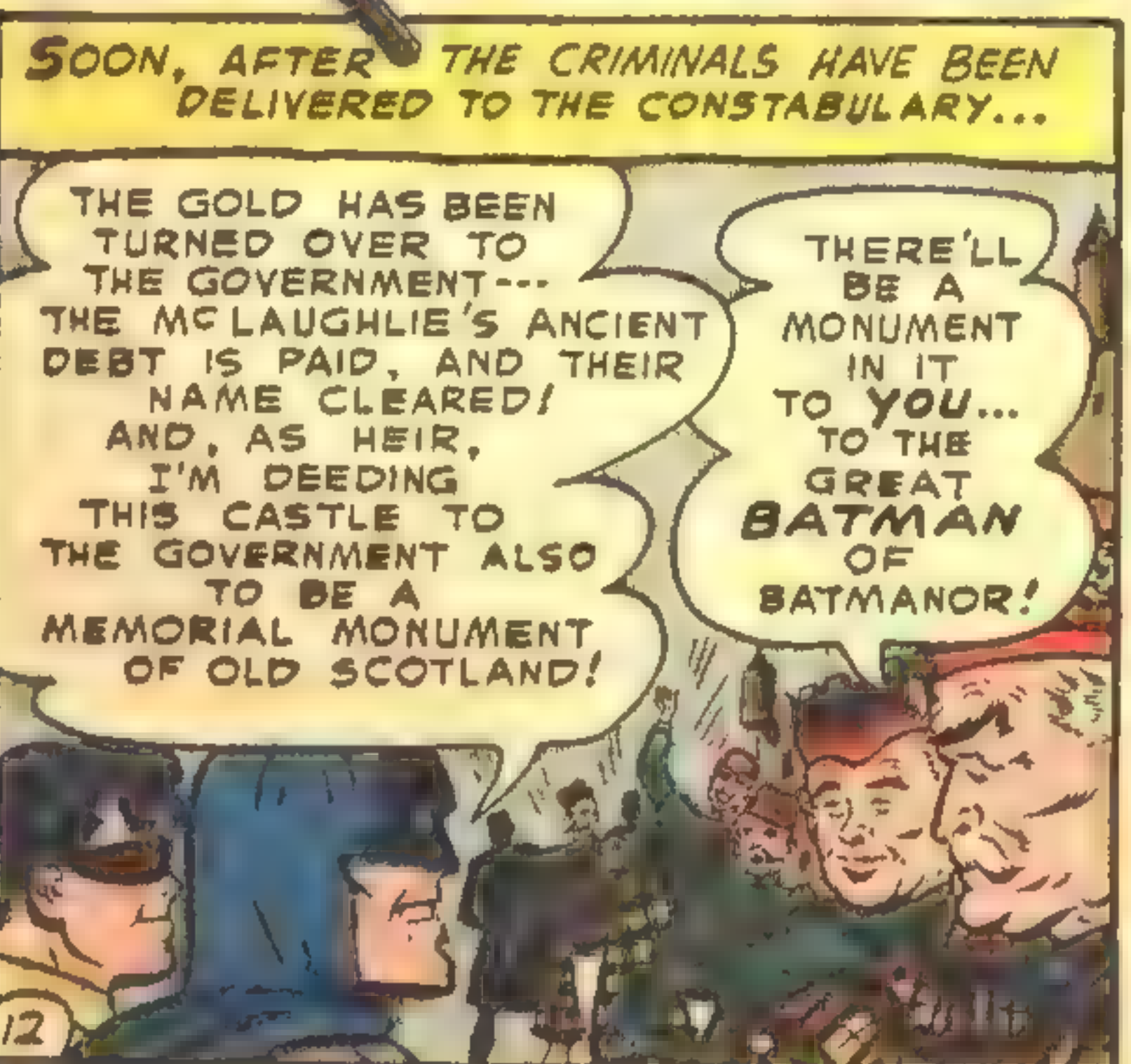
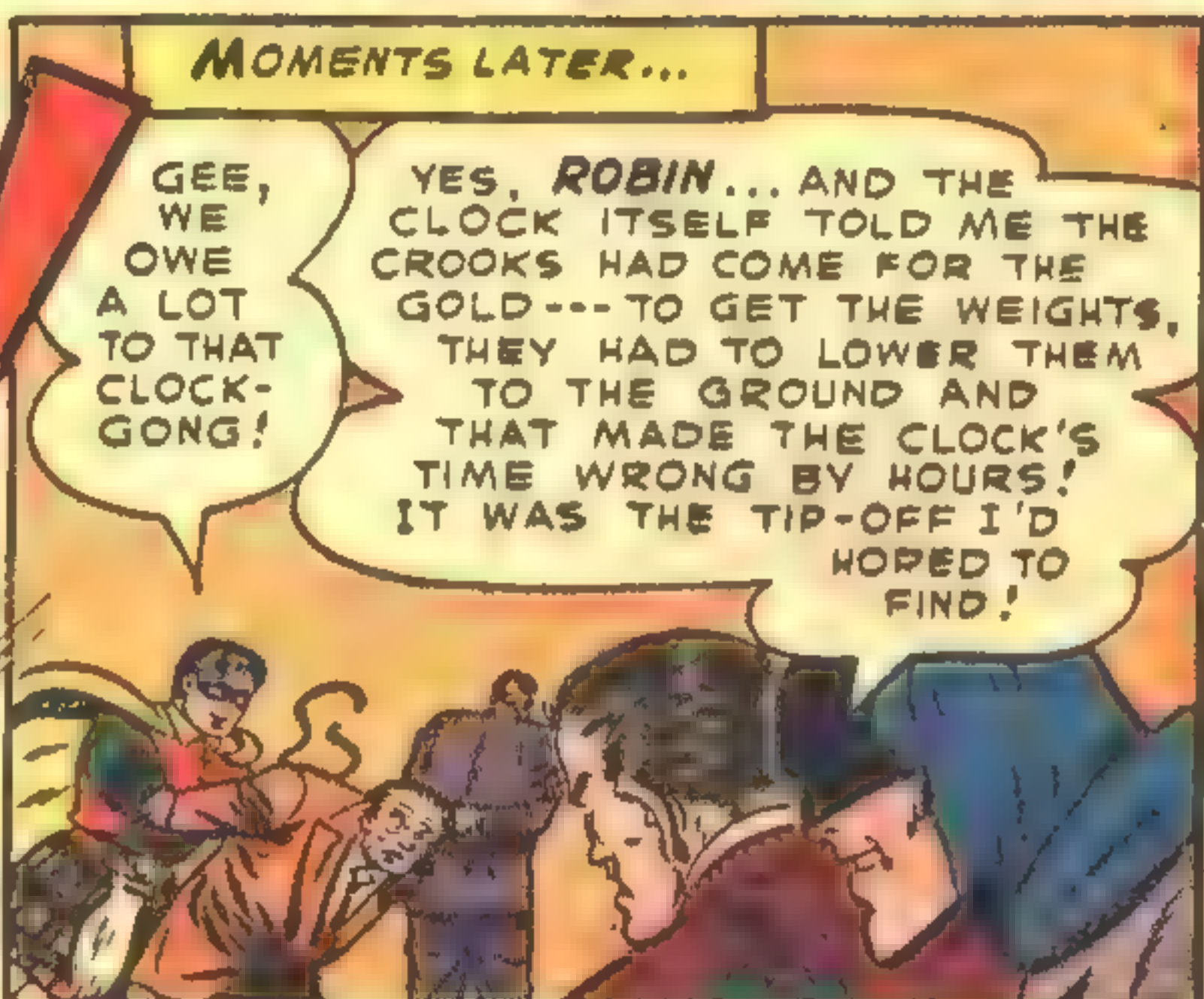
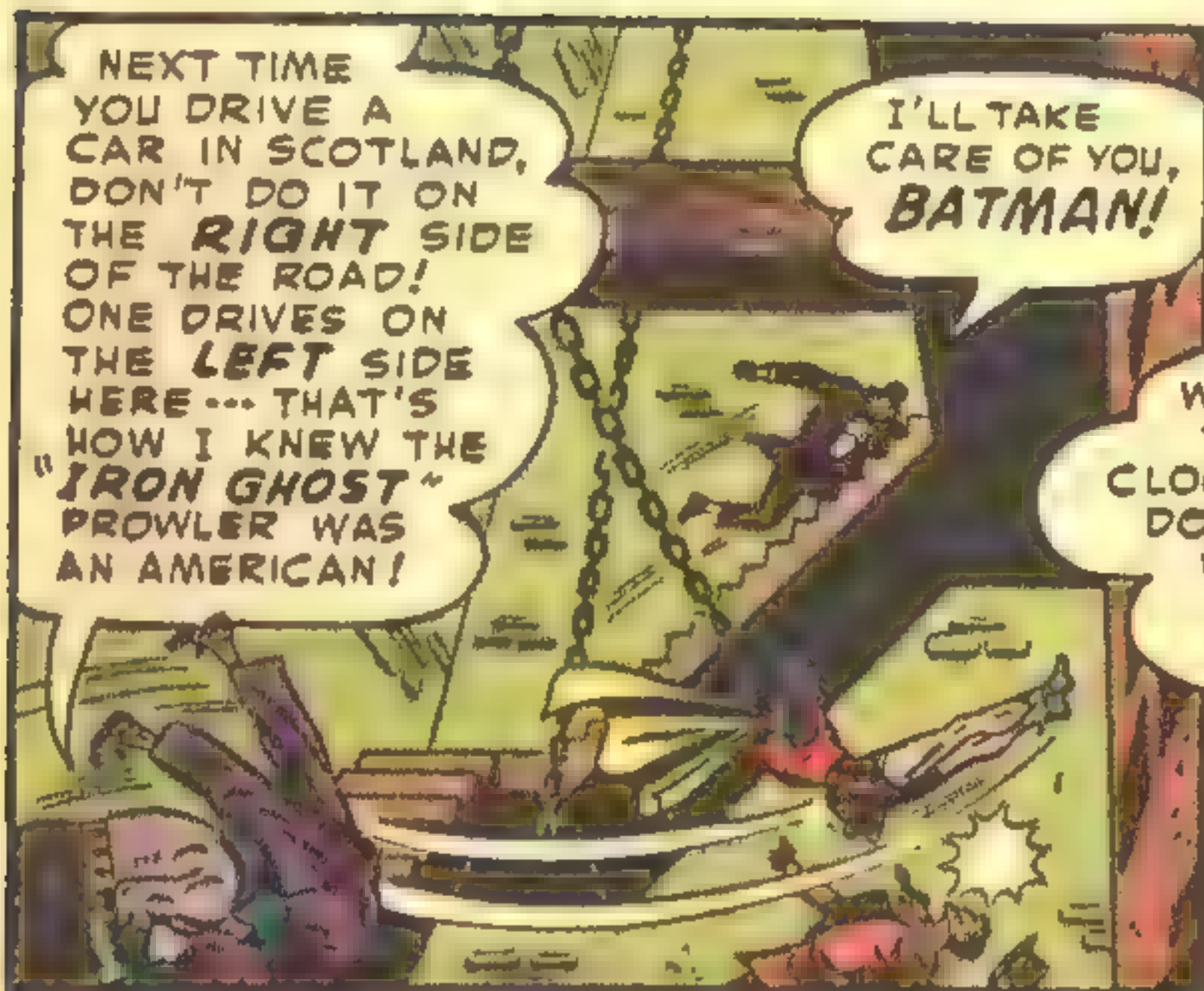
IN THE ANCIENT CLOCK-TOWER...

"SMOOTHY" MATHERS, THE AMERICAN CROOK! AND LOOK, HE AND HIS PALS HAVE BEEN STEALING THE BIG LEAD CLOCK-WEIGHTS! OF ALL THE SILLY CRIMES---

NOT SO SILLY, ROBIN! THOSE ANCIENT, MASSIVE CLOCK-WEIGHTS ARE NOT LEAD BUT GOLD... THE GOLD HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES! THE OLD LORD OF BATMANOR HID THE ROYAL GOLD BY COATING IT WITH LEAD AND USING IT FOR THESE GREAT WEIGHTS!

SO YOU FOUND OUT, LIKE ME, WHERE THE GOLD WAS!

YES... THAT ACID-STAIN YOU LEFT IN THE TOWER MADE ME WONDER--- I EXAMINED THE WEIGHTS AND TESTED THEM WITH ACID INSIDE THEIR LEAD COATING, TOO! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO COME FOR IT TO TRAP YOU!



A SPRINT IN TIME SPIKES CRIME

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

LOOK, JIM! THAT TRUCK'S BEING HIJACKED!

QUICK, TED, HEAD FOR THE JUNCTION AND GET LT. RAFFERTY. WE'LL TRY TO DELAY THEM

SURE HOPE I CAN GET THERE ON TIME, LUCKY I'M WEARING MY "P-F's"

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ®

THEY'RE STARTING TO MOVE, JIM!

THIS BOULDER OUGHT TO SLOW 'EM DOWN!

I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY

THANKS FOR THAT SPEEDY SPRINT, TED. I COULDN'T HAVE HANDLED BOTH OF THEM ALONE

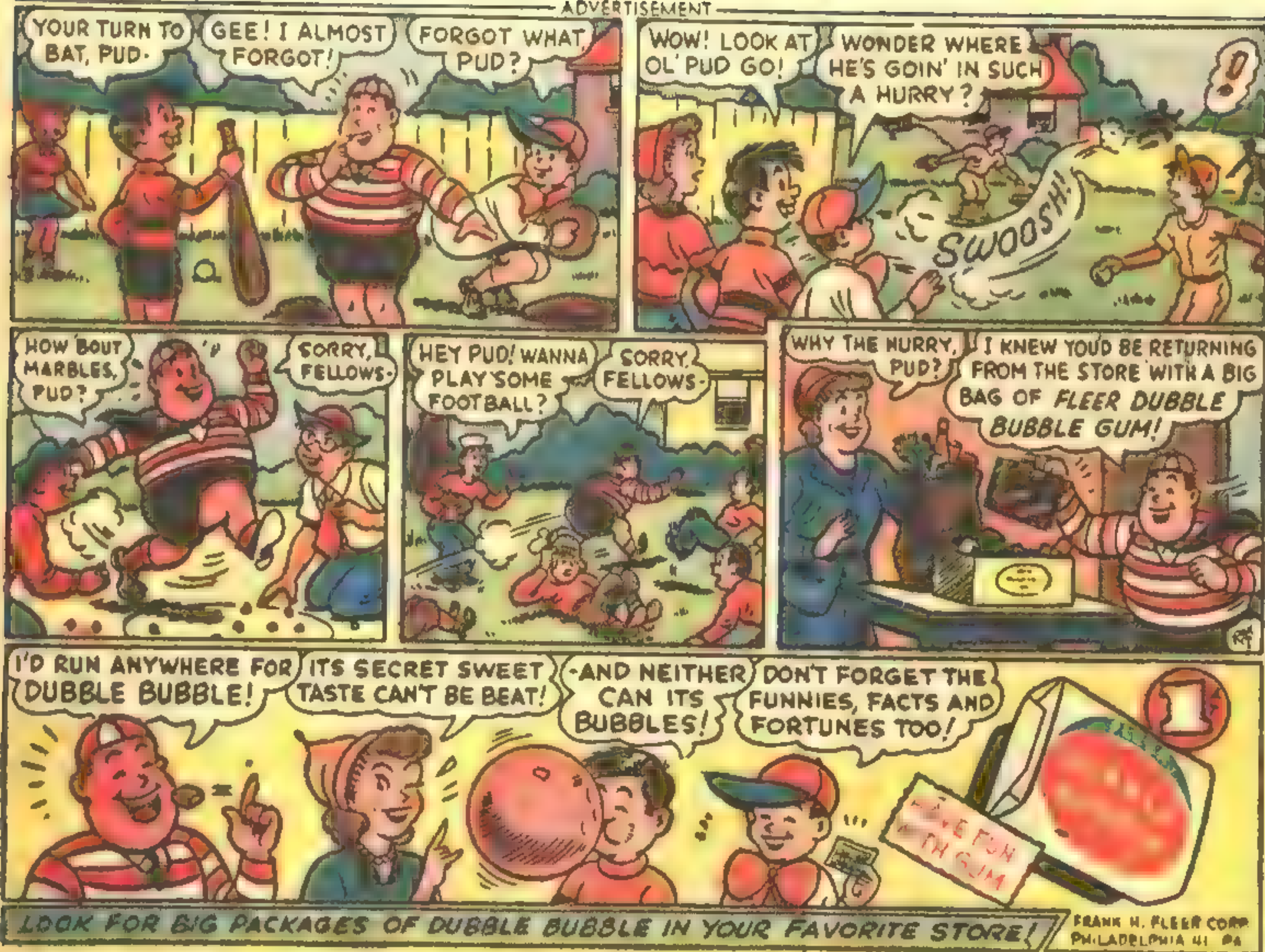
MY "P-F's" WERE A BIG HELP!

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:
...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company



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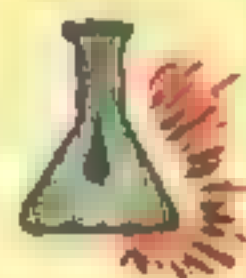
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

POLIO
Research
will mean
Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—
obtained from human blood—
protects for a few weeks.
But it is in very short supply.



When POLIO is around,
follow these PRECAUTIONS

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE

is not ready for 1953. But
there is hope for the future.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

ROBOTMAN

NO, NO, ROBOTMAN! YOU'LL DROWN MAYOR EDWARDS!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO DO!

CAN YOU IMAGINE ROBOTMAN, ALWAYS THE CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER, SUDDENLY BECOMING AN OUTLAW KILLER? IT HAPPENS INCREDIBLY WHEN, DUE TO A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE, HE BECOMES A SERVANT OF THE UNDERWORLD. HERE IS THE AMAZING STORY OF...

ROBOTMAN... ON THE LOOSE!

ONE NIGHT, AS PAUL DENNIS, SECRETLY ROBOTMAN, LEAVES THE THEATER...

SHADOWS ON THE

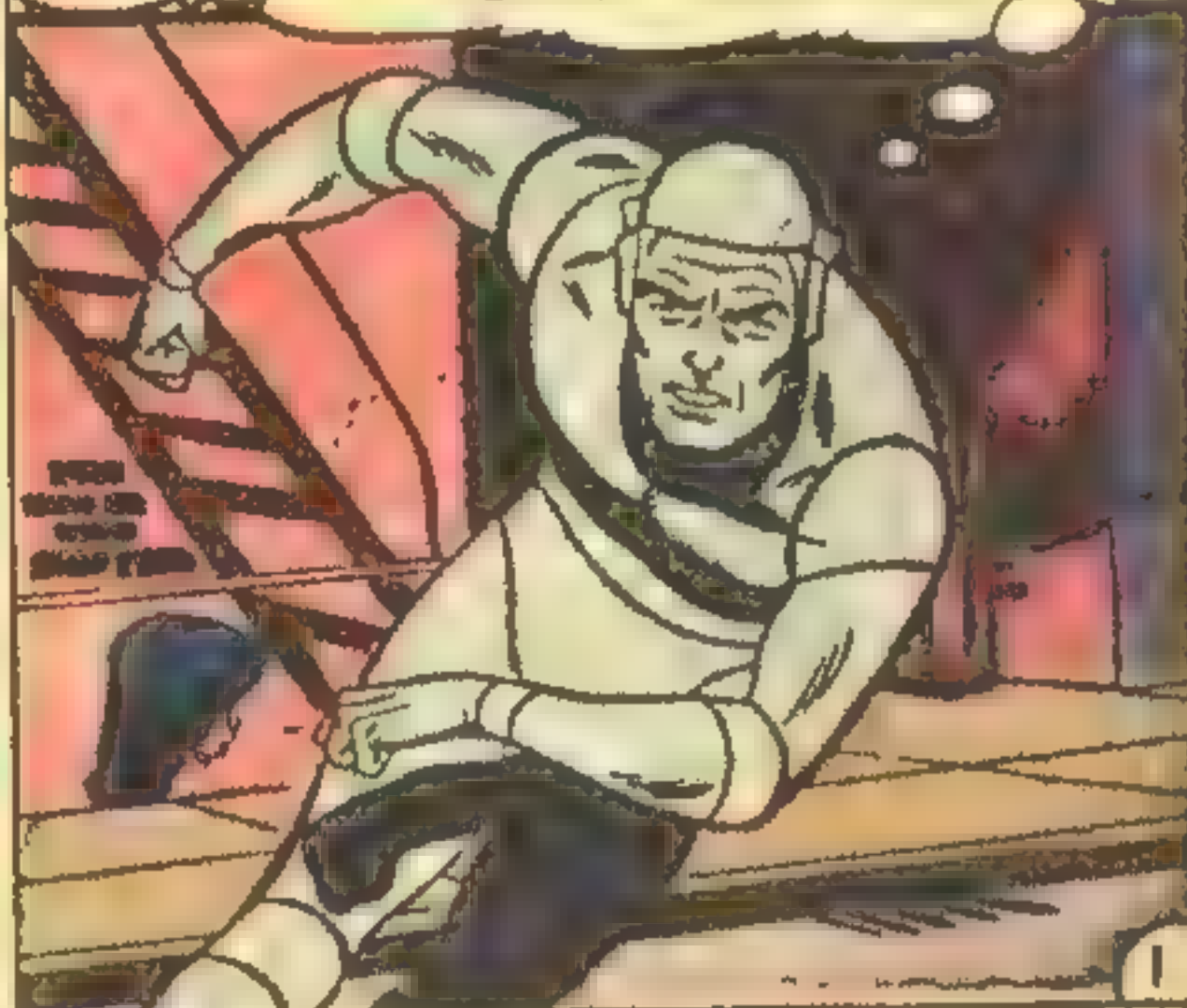
DRAWN SHADE OF THAT JEWELRY STORE WINDOW! MUST BE BURGLARS!

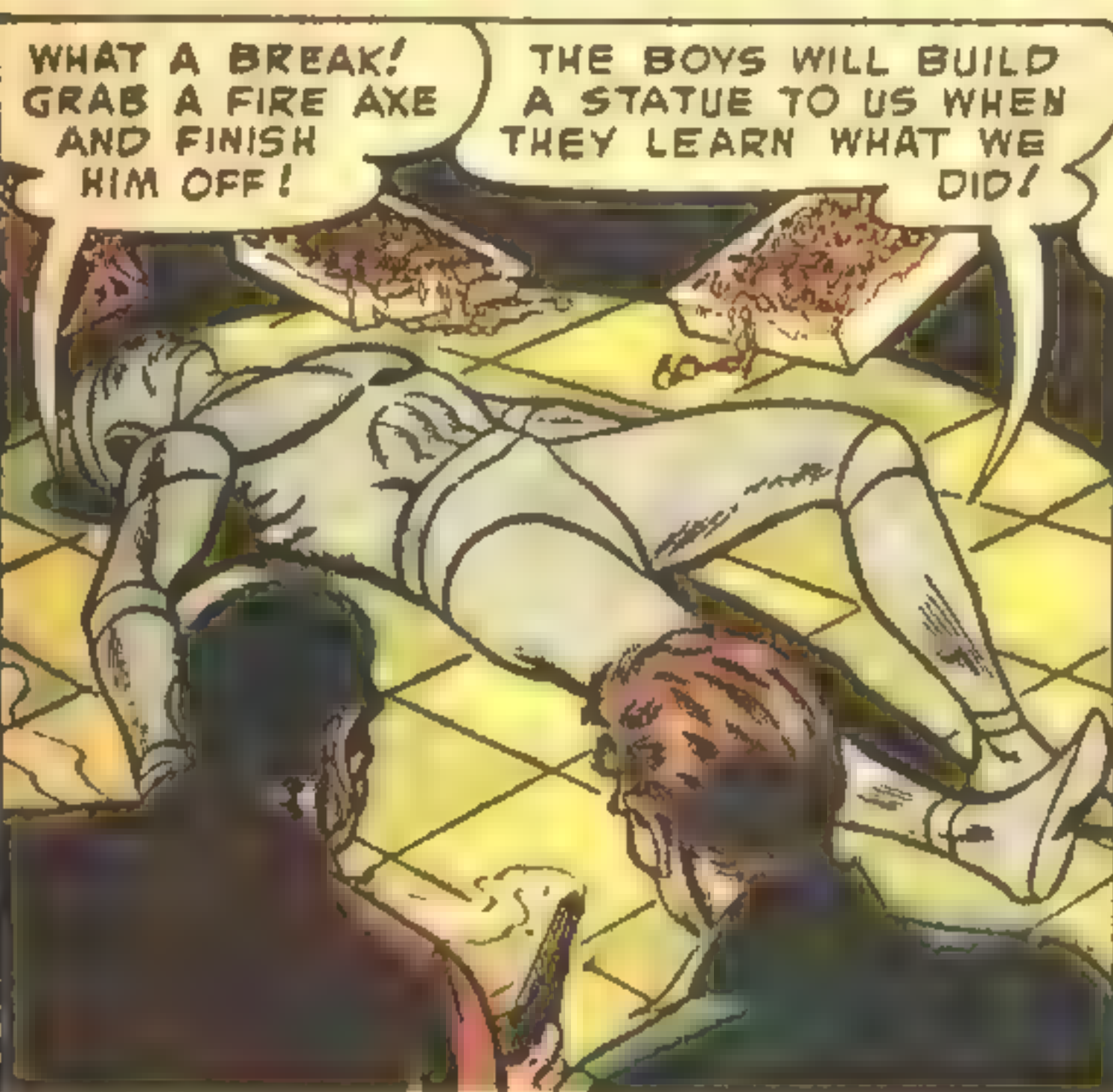
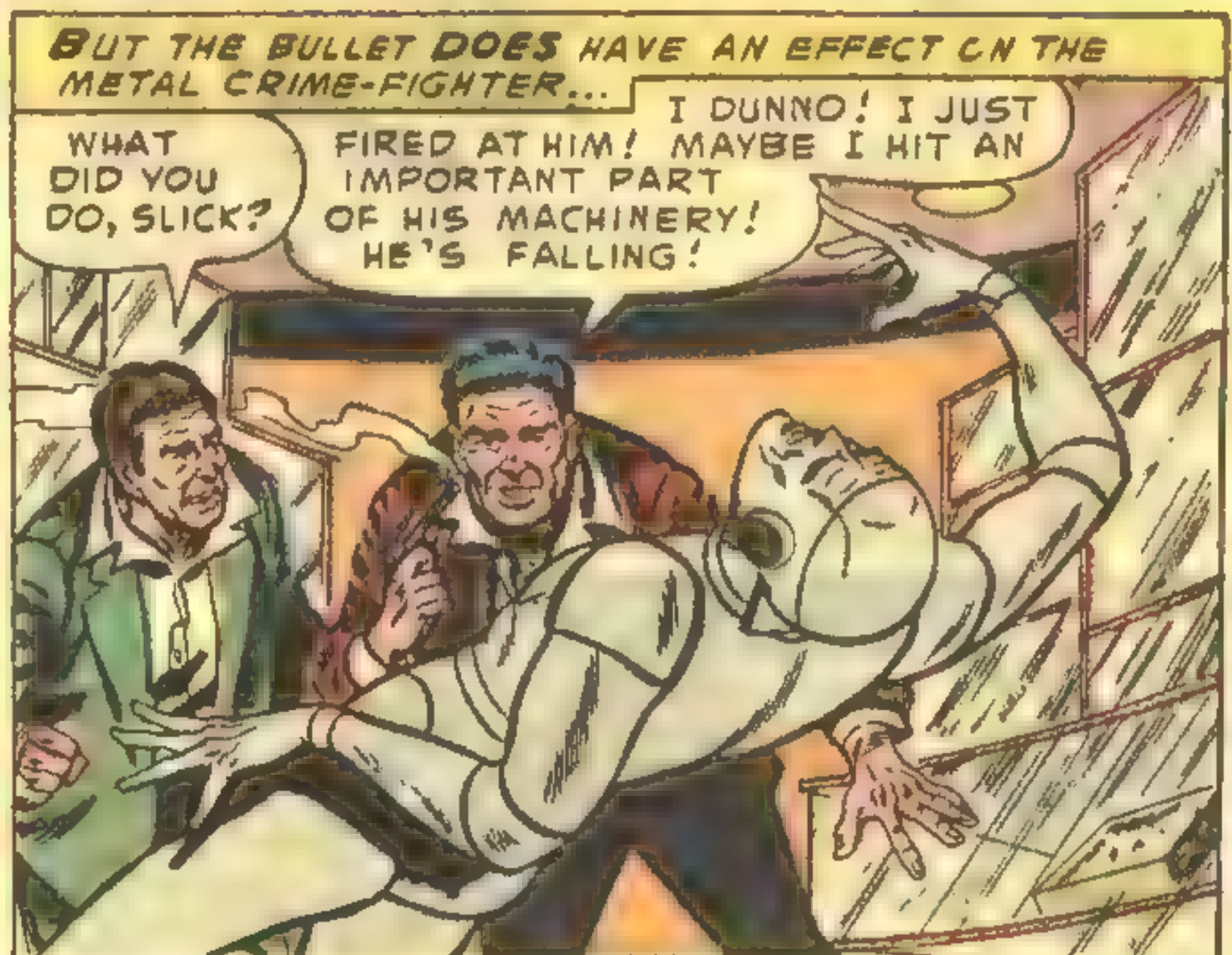
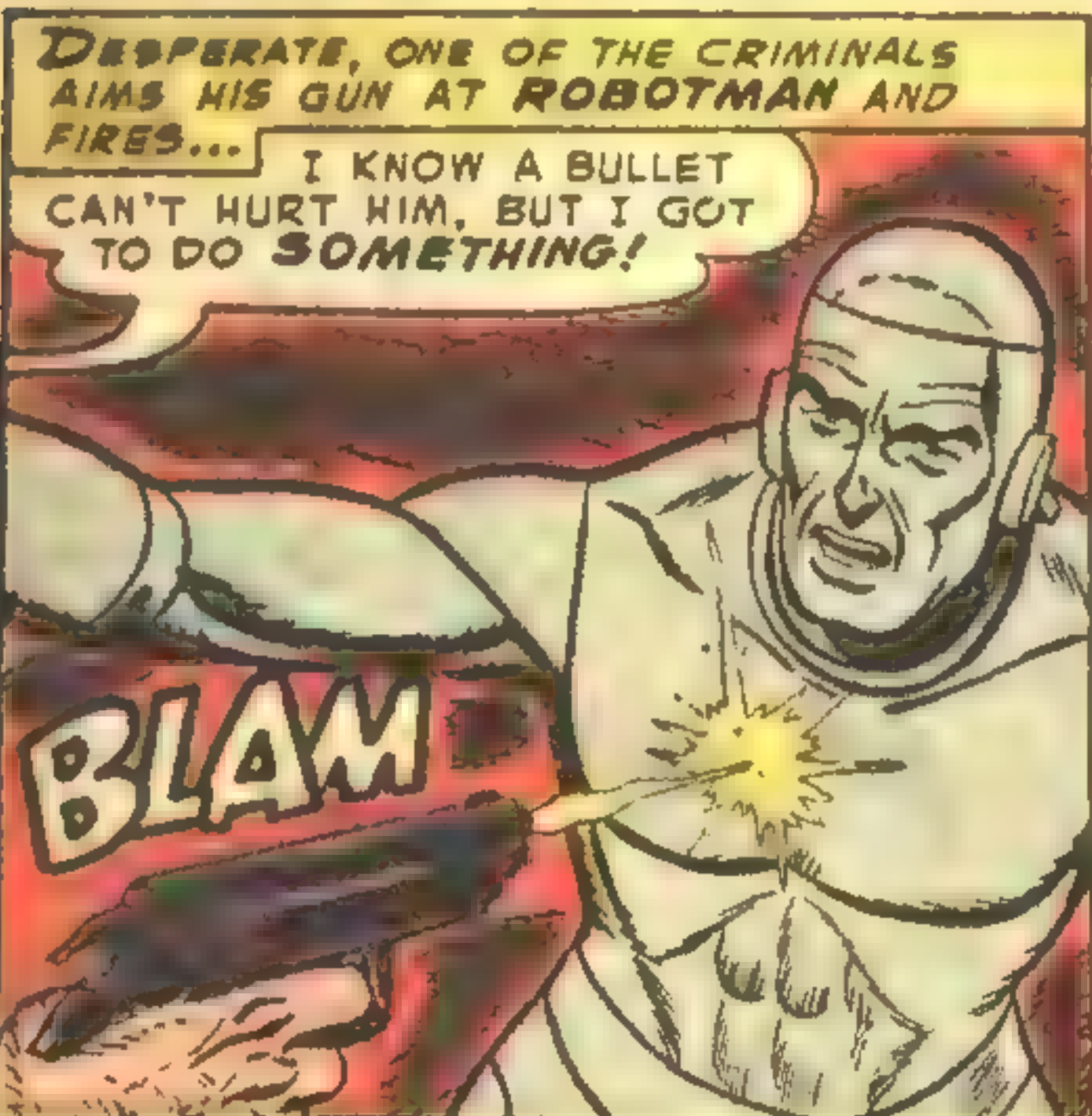
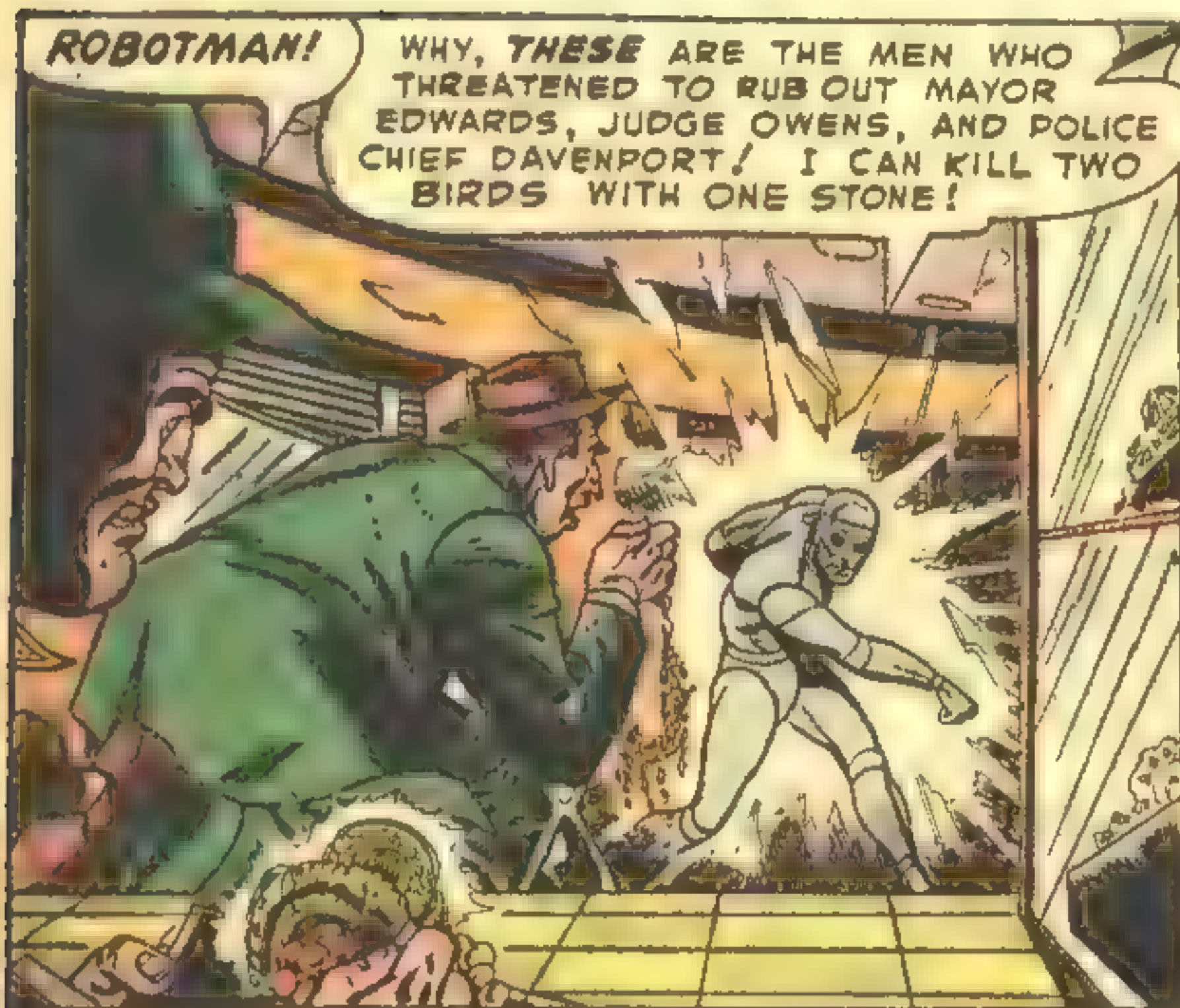
JEWELRY



IN A MOMENT, PAUL DENNIS DISAPPEARS, AND SWITCHES TO THE MAN OF METAL...

THE DARKNESS OF THIS STAGE-DOOR ALLEY GAVE ME A CHANCE TO SHED MY PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE!





I FEEL... FUNNY!
WHY... I'M MADE
OF **METAL!**
I'M A **ROBOT!**
AND YOU MEN...
YOU MUST HAVE
BUILT ME!
YOU'RE MY
MASTERS!

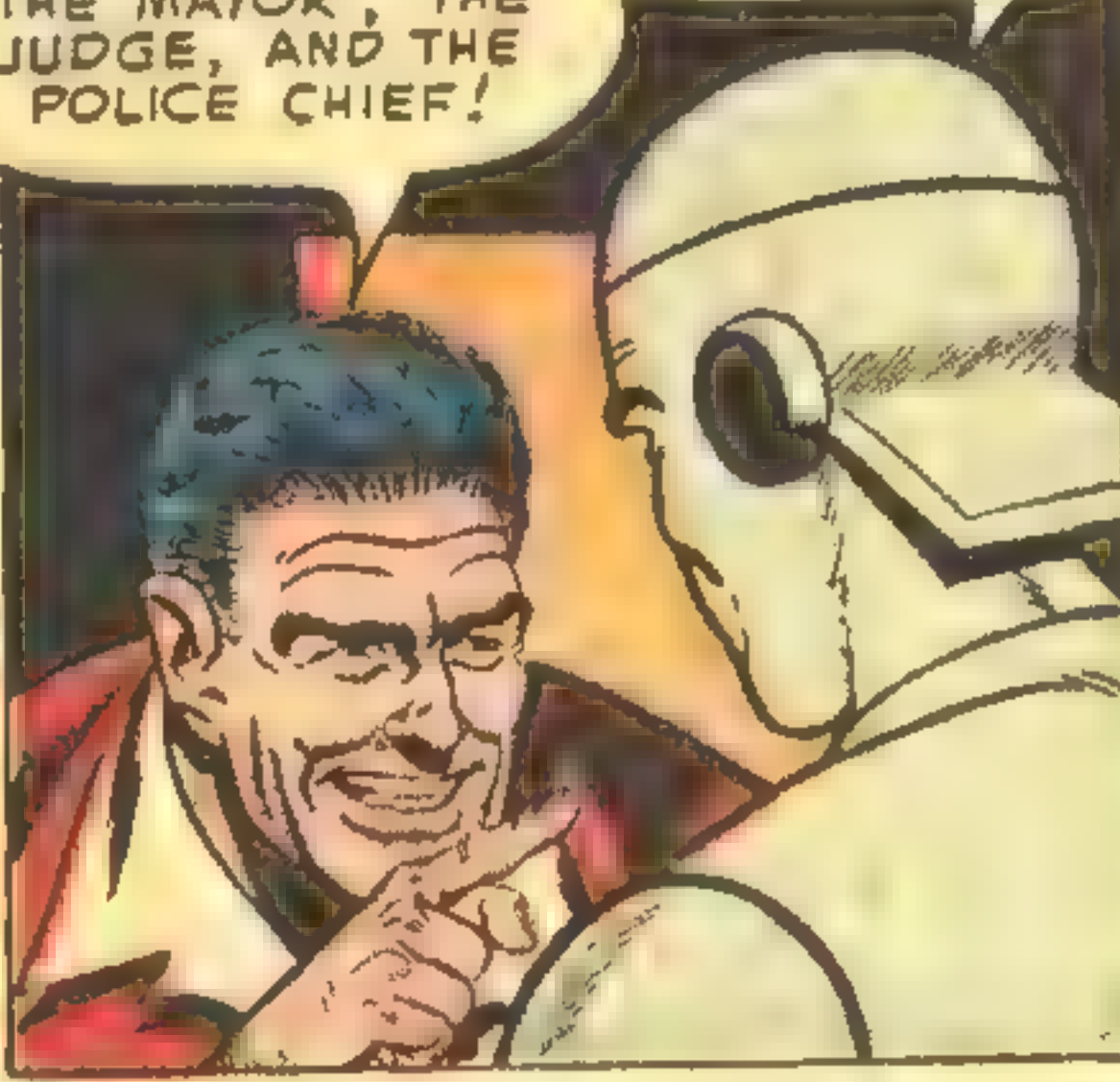
YEAH, YEAH!
THAT'S IT. WE'RE
YOUR MASTERS,
AND YOU GOT
TO DO EXACTLY
WHAT WE TELL
YOU!

THERE ARE THREE
BAD MEN IN THIS
TOWN WHO ARE
OUT TO KILL US!
YOU'RE GOING TO
DESTROY THEM,
SEE? THEY ARE
THE MAYOR, THE
JUDGE, AND THE
POLICE CHIEF!

I UNDER-
STAND!
THEY ARE
EVIL. I WILL
KILL THEM IF
YOU COMMAND
ME TO DO SO!

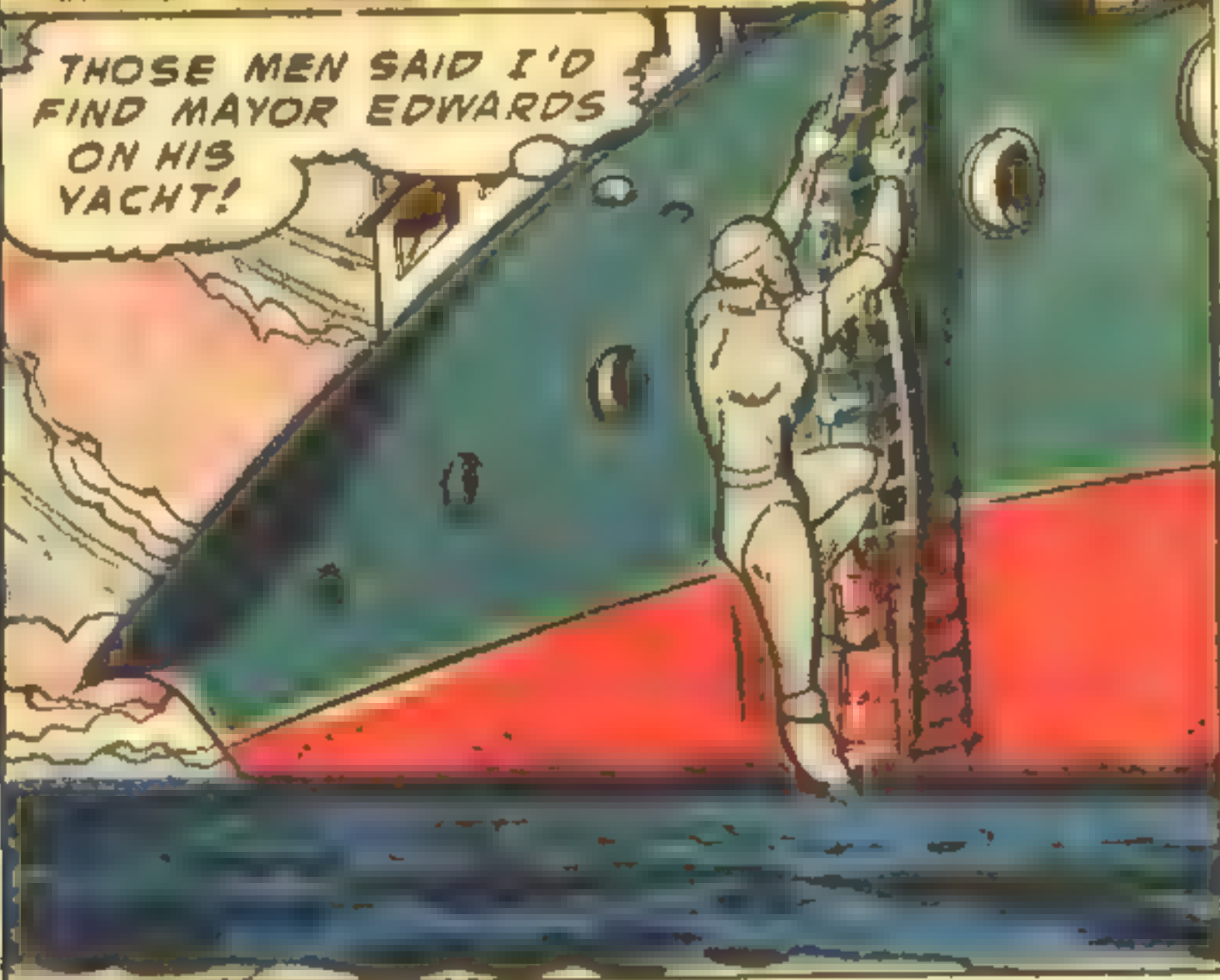
WHAT A
BREAK!
HE'LL
DO OUR
KILLING
FOR US!

AND AFTER
THAT, WE'LL
USE HIM TO
ROB. HIS
LOSING
MEMORY
WAS A BREAK
FOR US!



SOME HOURS LATER, ON THE
PLACID WATERS OF GOLDEN BAY...

THOSE MEN SAID I'D
FIND MAYOR EDWARDS
ON HIS
YACHT!



ROBOTMAN!

MAYOR EDWARDS -- I'VE
COME TO KILL YOU!



NO, NO! YOU CAN'T DO
THIS! THE MAYOR IS
YOUR GOOD FRIEND!

ROBOTMAN...
HAVE YOU GONE
MAD?

I'LL JUMP INTO THE WATER
WITH HIM! MY METAL WEIGHT
WILL ANCHOR HIM DOWN
UNTIL HE DROWNS!

PLEASE, PLEASE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
YOU'RE **ROBOTMAN...**
ON THE SIDE OF THE
LAW!



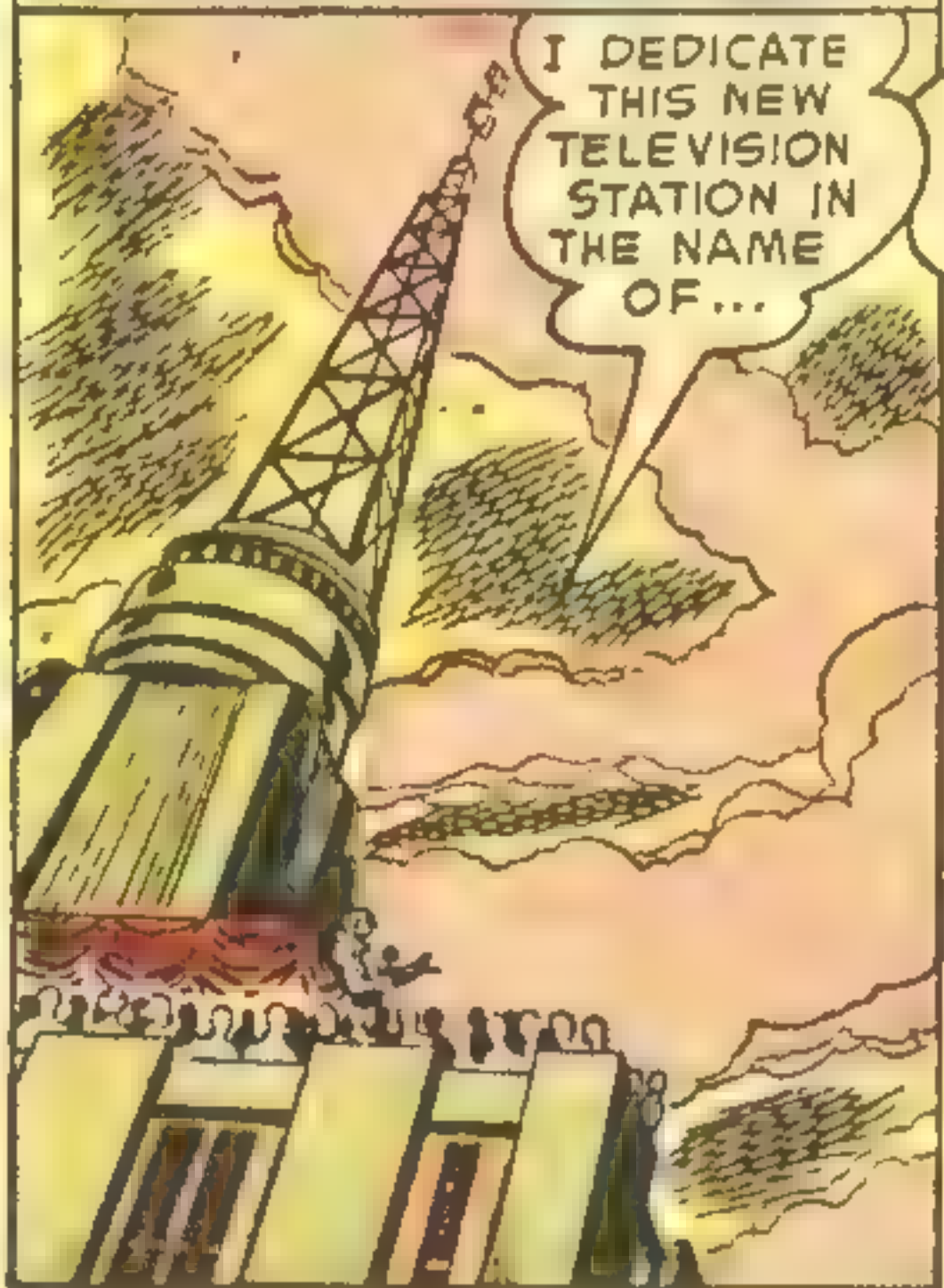


PRESENTLY,
A FEW AIR
BUBBLES
MARK
THIS SCENE
OF
**ROBOTMAN'S
FIRST MURDER!**



GONE! MAYOR EDWARDS WILL
DROWN AND...**SOB!**
SOB!

NEXT DAY, AN HOUR BEFORE
NOON, AS A THROG GATHERS
TO LISTEN TO JUDGE OWENS...



I DEDICATE
THIS NEW
TELEVISION
STATION IN
THE NAME
OF...

SUDDEN, A STARTLING
INTERRUPTION...

IT'S **ROBOTMAN**... WALKING
UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!
HE KILLED MAYOR EDWARDS
LAST NIGHT! HE'S AFTER
JUDGE OWENS
NOW!



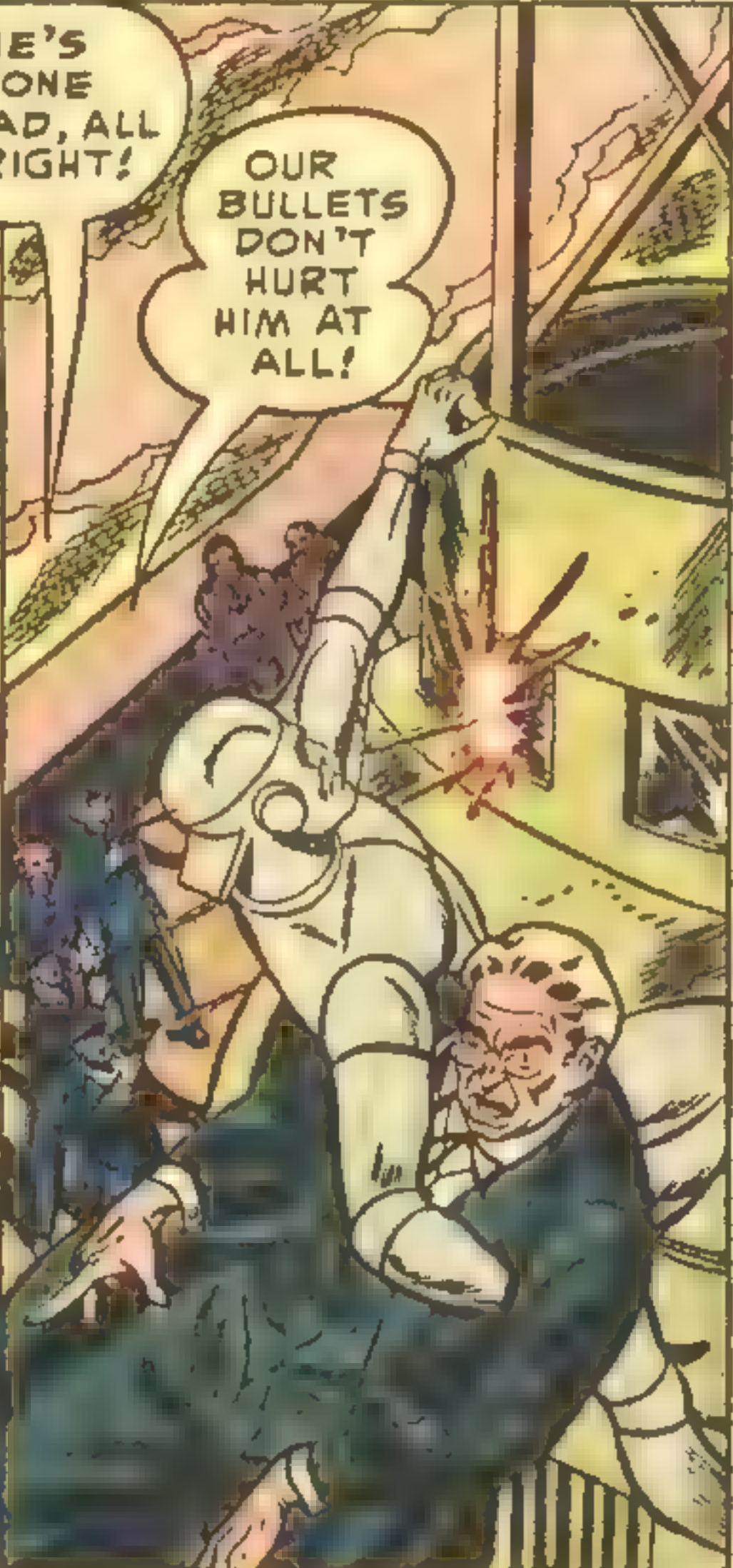
THEY LOCKED THE DOORS
AGAINST ME, SO I HAD TO
PUT SUCTION CUPS ON MY
FEET TO CLIMB UP HERE
AFTER YOU, JUDGE
OWENS!



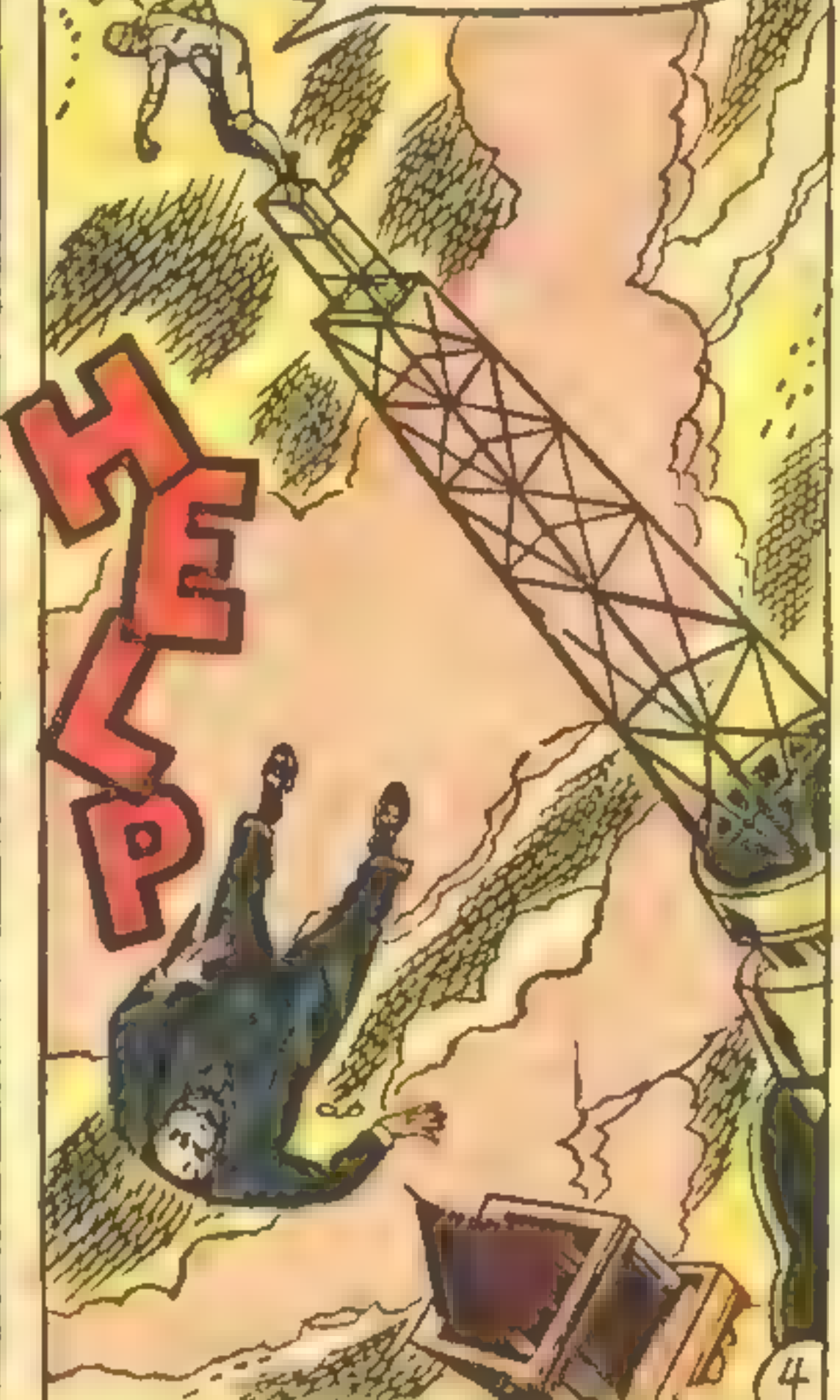
NO! NO!

HE'S
GONE
MAD, ALL
RIGHT!

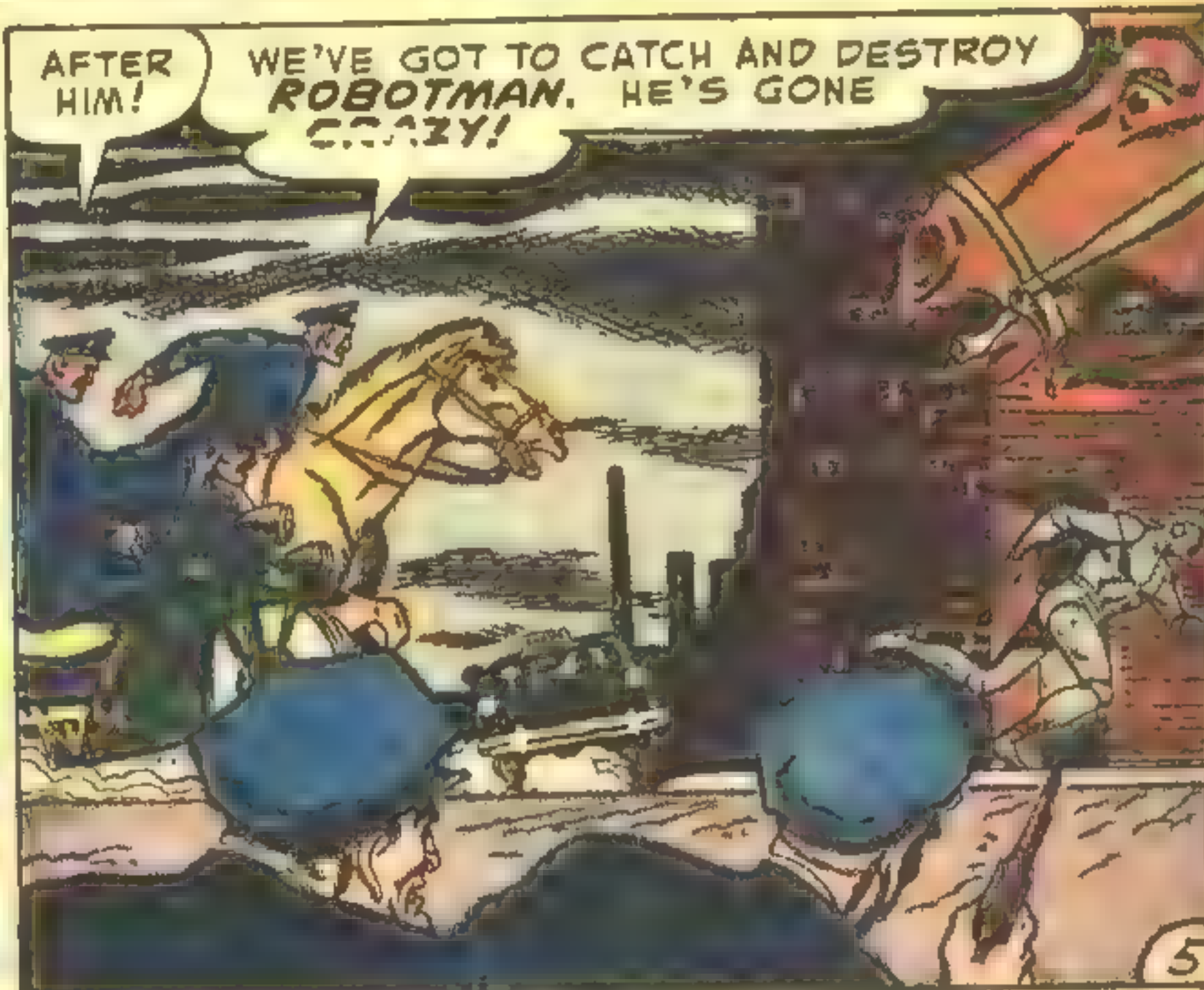
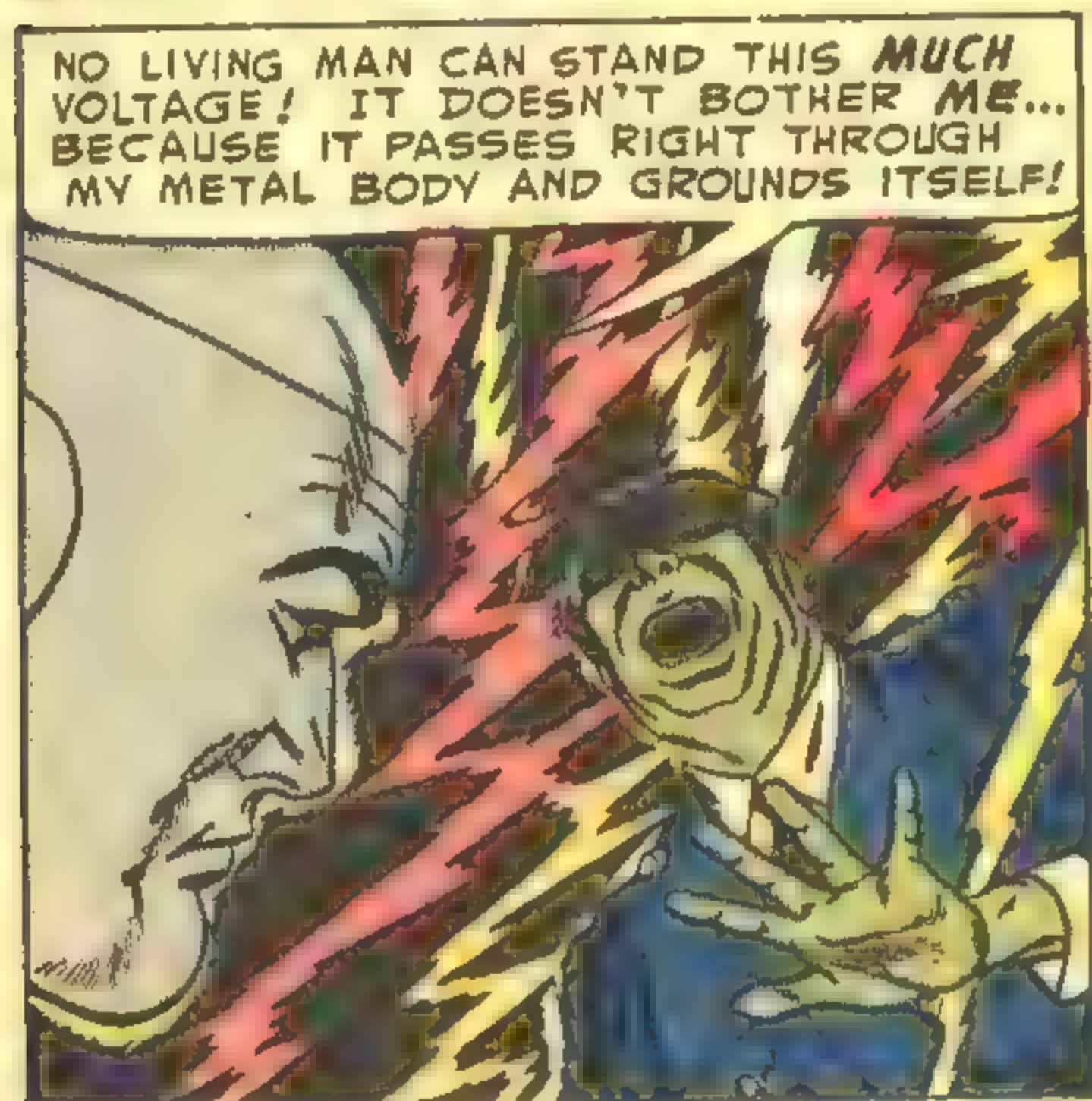
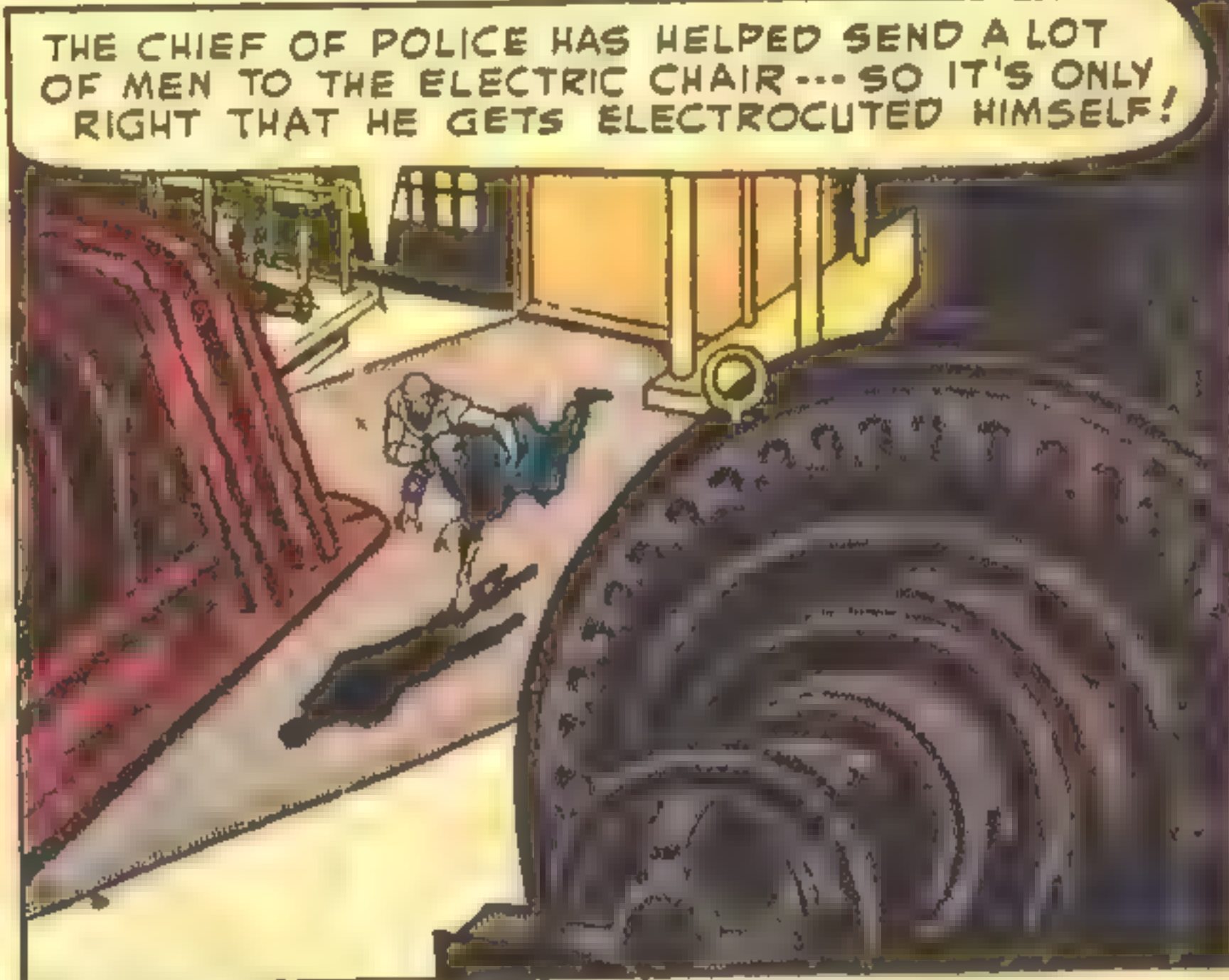
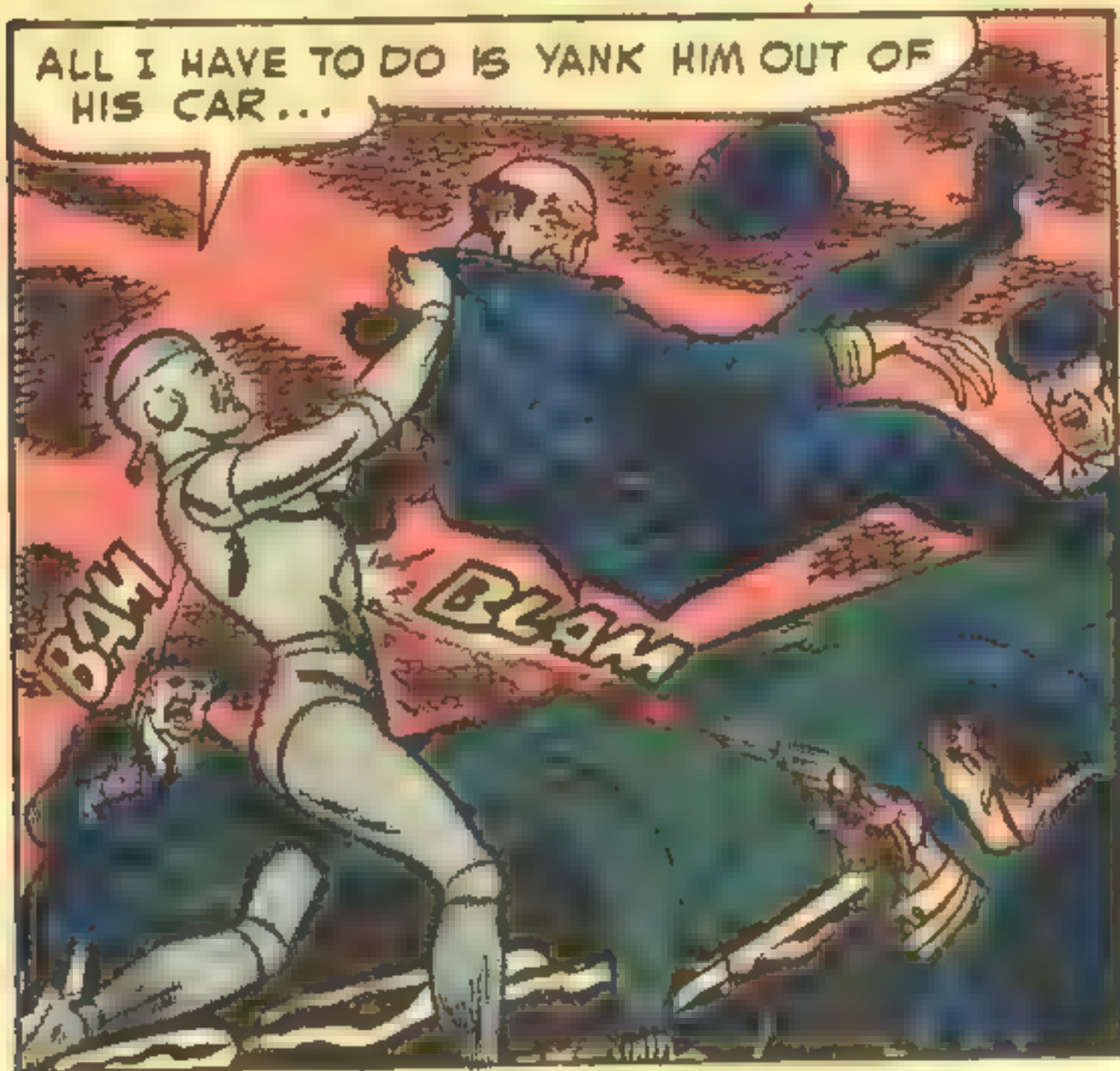
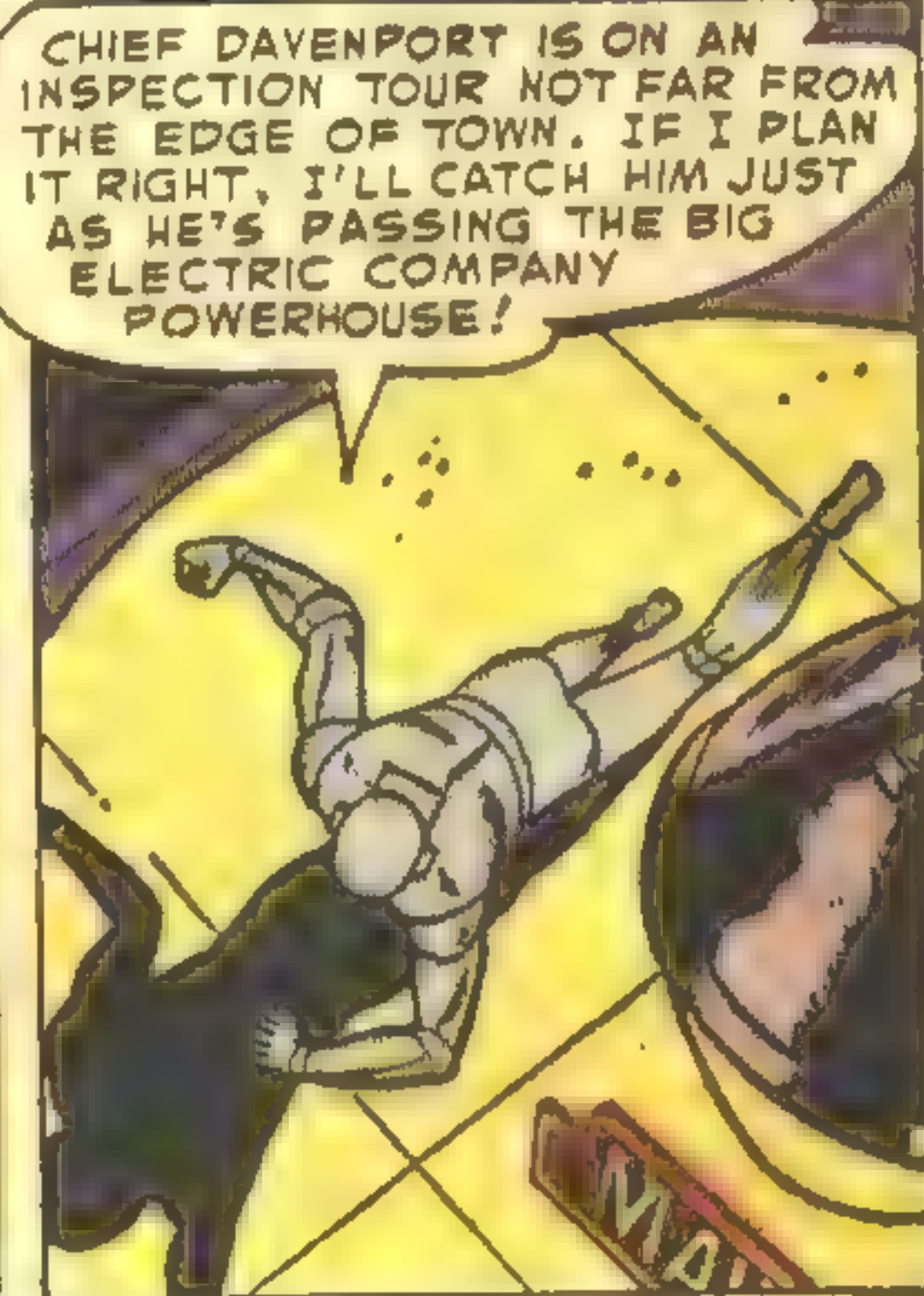
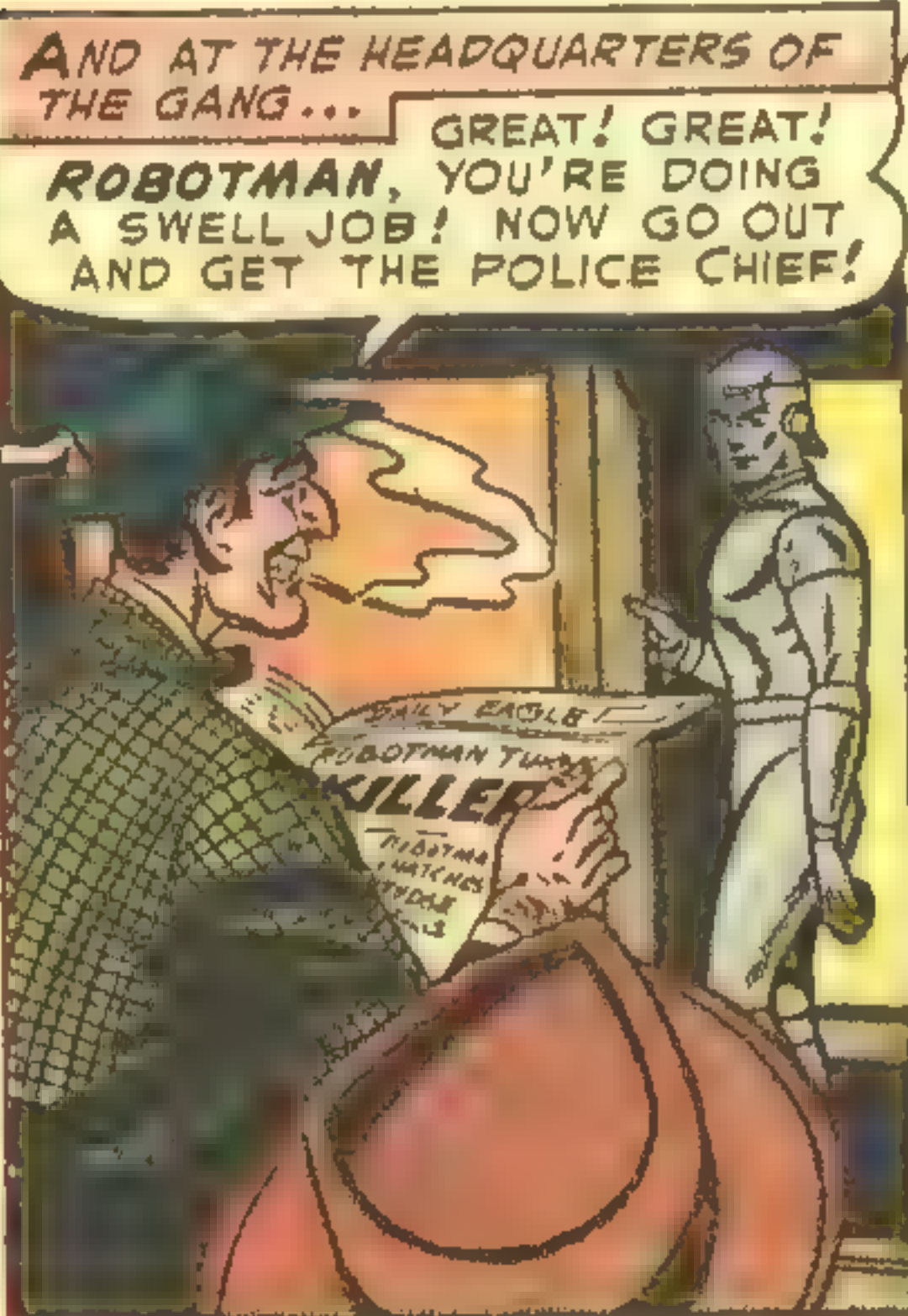
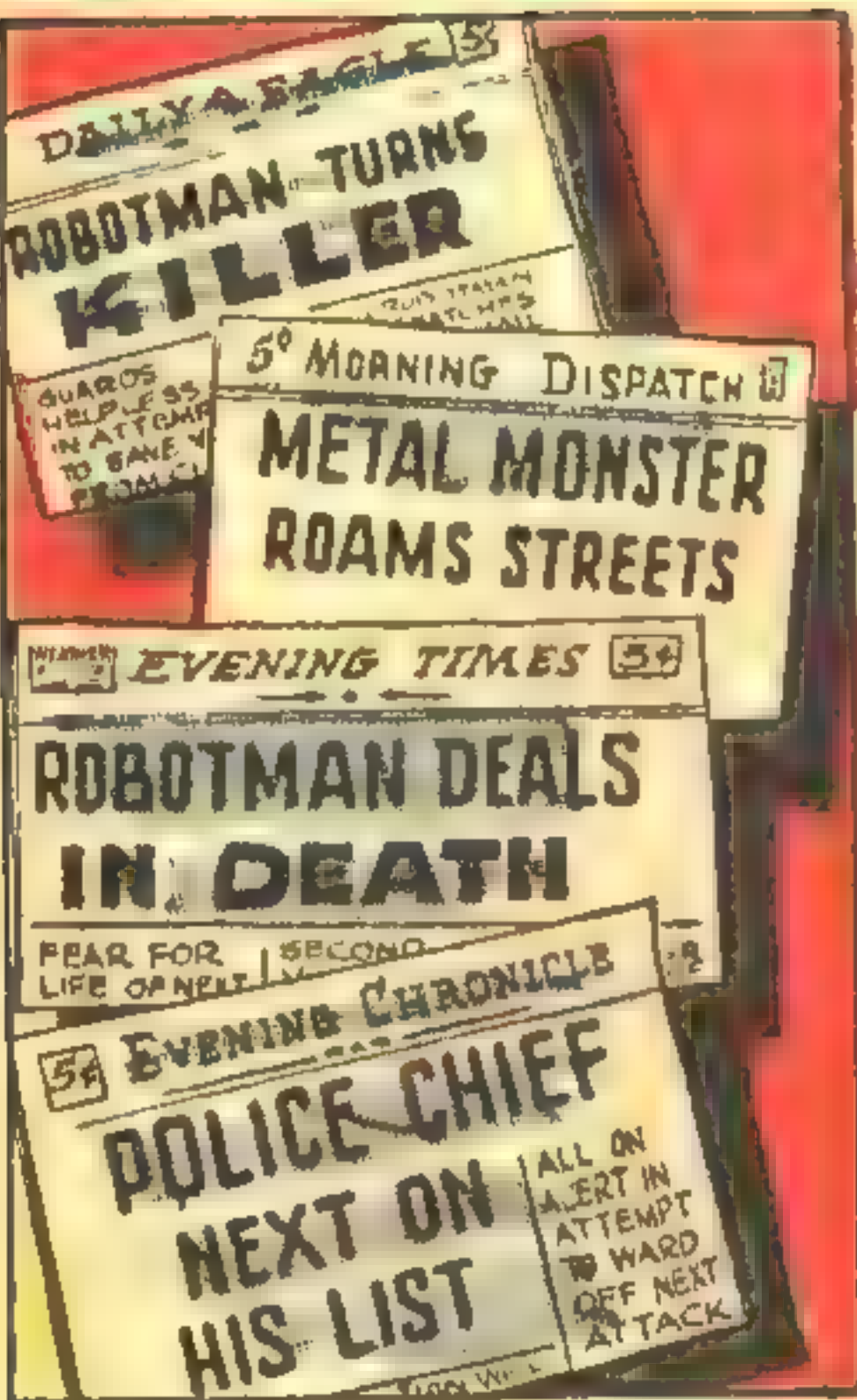
OUR
BULLETS
DON'T
HURT
HIM AT
ALL!



MY MASTERS SAID YOU MUST DIE,
JUDGE! AND DIE YOU WILL...
ON THE STREETS, A HALF
MILE BELOW!



HELP



SOMEWHAT LATER...

YOU FOOL! YOU FOOL!
YOU BROUGHT THEM
HERE!

WHY NOT? IT'S TIME YOU THUGS
WENT TO JAIL! I KNEW THEY'D
FOLLOW ME, AFTER I "KILLED"
THE POLICE CHIEF!

YOU TALK AS
IF YOU DIDN'T
KILL THE
CHIEF! I
SAW YOU
DO IT WITH
MY OWN
EYES!

YOU SAW ME "KILL"
A **PLASTIC ROBOT**
THAT I MADE MYSELF!
JUST AS "THE MAYOR"
AND "JUDGE OWENS"
WERE ALSO PLASTIC
ROBOTS, THAT I
CONTROLLED!

HERE THEY
ARE IN
PERSON
NOW, SAFE
AND ALIVE!

THANKS TO **ROBOTMAN**! HE KNEW THE UNDER-
WORLD WAS OUT TO "GET" US, SO HE FAKED
AMNESIA AND PRETENDED TO KILL US HIMSELF
SO AS TO THROW THE UNDERWORLD OFF,
WHILE F. B. I. MEN ROUNDED UP THOSE IN
THE PLOT. HE LED THE POLICE HERE
FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH!

I KNEW THE UNDERWORLD
WOULDN'T CARRY OUT ITS
DEATH PLOT IF THEY THOUGHT I
WAS GOING TO DO THEIR KILLING
FOR THEM! SO WHILE I KILLED "ROBOT"
VICTIMS, THE F. B. I. ROUNDED UP THE
ENTIRE GANG! THESE MEN ARE THE
LAST OF THE MOB. TAKE THEM
AWAY, BOYS...

THE
END

ADVERTISEMENT

GET THAT SUCCESSFUL LOOK WITH AMERICA'S
LARGEST SELLING HAIR TONIC!

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS
THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

Don't give dandruff and dry-
ness a chance to ruin the looks
of your hair. Keep it neat and
natural all day with Wildroot
Cream Oil. Made with the
heart of Lanolin, so much like
the natural oil of your skin!
It's America's largest selling
hair tonic by far!



"Comrade Igor claims he invented
Wildroot Cream-Oil!"

MAJOR MARS

AMERICA'S #1 SPACE SOLDIER

VICTORY BY DECEPTION

THE
PLUTONIANS
ARE HOLDING
DOCTOR EXTON
CAPTIVE!

FOR THE SAKE OF IN-
TERPLANETARY PEACE,
WE MUST RESCUE HIM!
AND HIS
INVENTION!

EARTH CALLING
MAJOR MARS-
EXTON AND IN-
VENTION IN TOWER
OF PLUTO PRISON!

EXTON HAS SEEN US-
HE'S SIGNALING-- I'LL
USE MY ROCKET BELT!

MAJOR,
YOU'VE
COME
JUST IN
TIME!

WE'LL HAVE TO
BREAK THROUGH
THE GUARDS-
MY ROCKET
BELT WON'T
CARRY US BOTH!

THERE
GOES
THE
ALARM!

PLUTONIANS- ONE
FALSE MOVE AND THIS
DESINTEGRATOR WILL
BLOW YOUR PLANET
TO BITS!

BUT
MARS, I
HAVEN'T
EVEN...

SHHH...
I KNOW
...KEEP
QUET!

I WAS TRYING
TO TELL YOU MY
INVENTION WASN'T
COMPLETED!

I KNOW!
FORGIVE
MY BLUFF,
BUT IT HELPED
US ESCAPE!

THESE THRILLING GIFTS ARE YOURS!

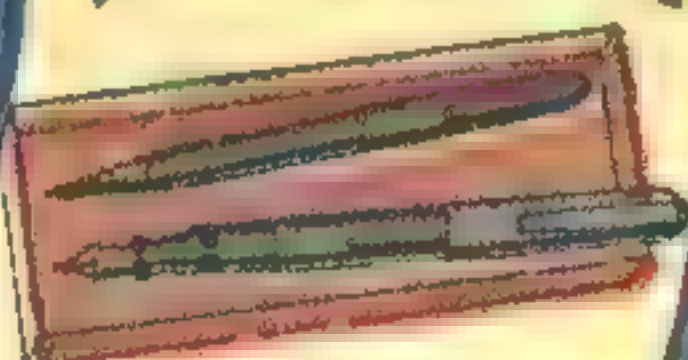
#40

OLD TIME CAR KITS

Build model plastic autos.
No cutting, carving or sand-
ing. Just assemble, cement
and decorate. Select one
1900-Packard, 1903-Cadil-
lac, 1903 Model A Ford,
1909-Stanley Steamer,
1910 Model T Ford

150 BAGS OR 35c & 15 BAGS

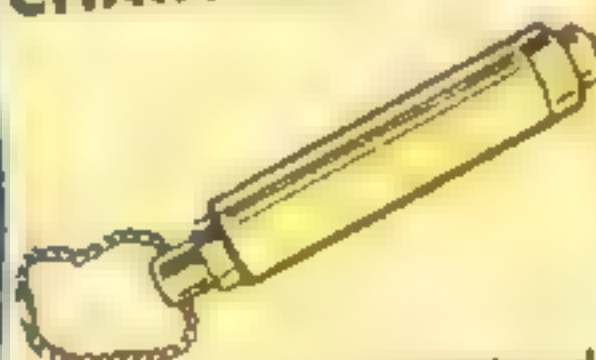
PEN & #10
PENCIL SET



Handsome combination set.
Fountain pen with 14K gold
plated smooth writing point
and mechanical pencil.

200 BAGS OR 35c & 15 BAGS

#37

**ALL-PURPOSE KEY
CHAIN FLASHLIGHT**

For pocket or purse handy
for emergency use. Com-
plete with battery and
bulb

115 BAGS OR 25c & 10 BAGS

FREE**MAIL
TODAY****"POPSICLE,"**

Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me _____

I am enclosing \$ _____ and _____ bags.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(Print in pencil only)

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Binky

shows

"HOW TO SPEND A SUMMER WEEK!"

MONDAY...

COME ON, PETE, LET'S GO IN WITH BINKY AND THE REST OF THE CROWD!

NAAA--IT'S TOO HOT!

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE

SEE SUMMER EXHIBIT OF SCIENTIFIC WONDERS

TUESDAY...

GOSH, BINKY IS HAVING FUN WITH HIS PART-TIME JOB. MAYBE WE COULD--

NAAA--IT'S NOT WORTH IT!

WEDNESDAY...

HI, PETE. COMING IN WITH US?

NAAAA--TOO NOISY!

THURSDAY...

PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHY DON'T WE GET A GOOD BOOK TO READ, PETE?

NAAA--WHO WANTS TO READ?

FRIDAY...

HEY, PETE--MY MOTHER'S DRIVING OVER TO THE BEACH. WANT TO COME ALONG?

NAAAA--TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

GOSH, SUMMER'S NO FUN WHEN YOU HAVE TO STAY HOME. NOTHING TO DO IN THIS OLD TOWN!

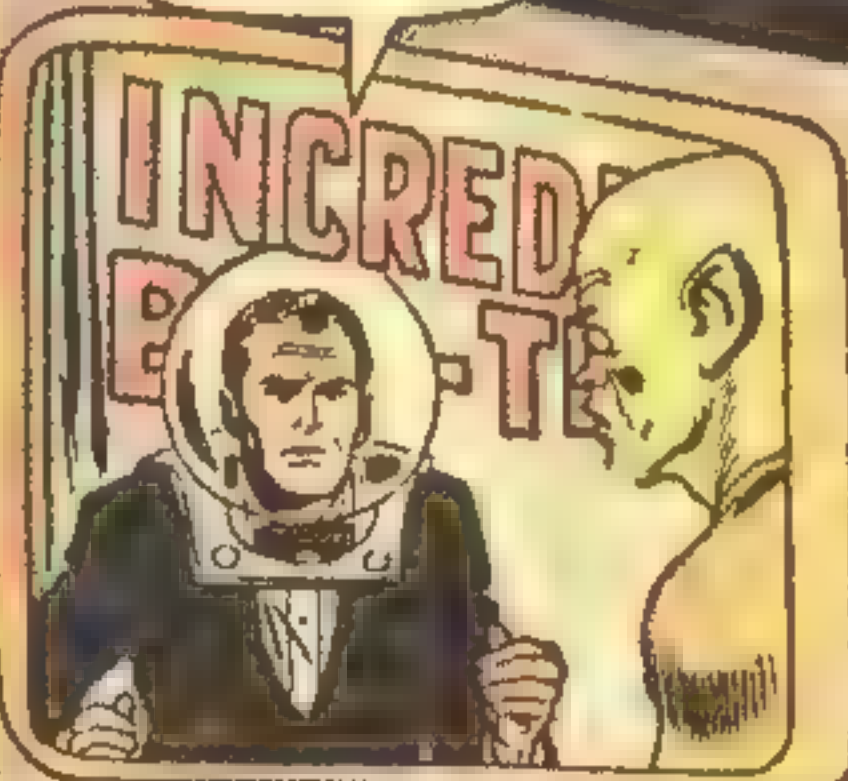
DON'T BE LIKE PETE. THERE'S SUMMER FUN IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN! LOOK FOR IT AND YOU'LL FIND IT!

IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

REMEMBER HOW CLEVERLY ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF THE TOP TELEVISION SHOW, "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!", ONCE EXPOSED A PHONEY "MAN FROM MARS" AS A HOAXTER? BRILLIANT, WASN'T HE? BUT SUPPOSE THE SHOE WAS ON THE OTHER FOOT? YES, SUPPOSE ROY WERE SUDDENLY TO FIND HIMSELF ON MARS, AND HAD TO PROVE HE WAS ACTUALLY THE "MAN FROM EARTH"? ... YOU SAY YOU CAN'T IMAGINE SUCH AN IMPOSSIBLE THING? IN THAT CASE, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER READ...

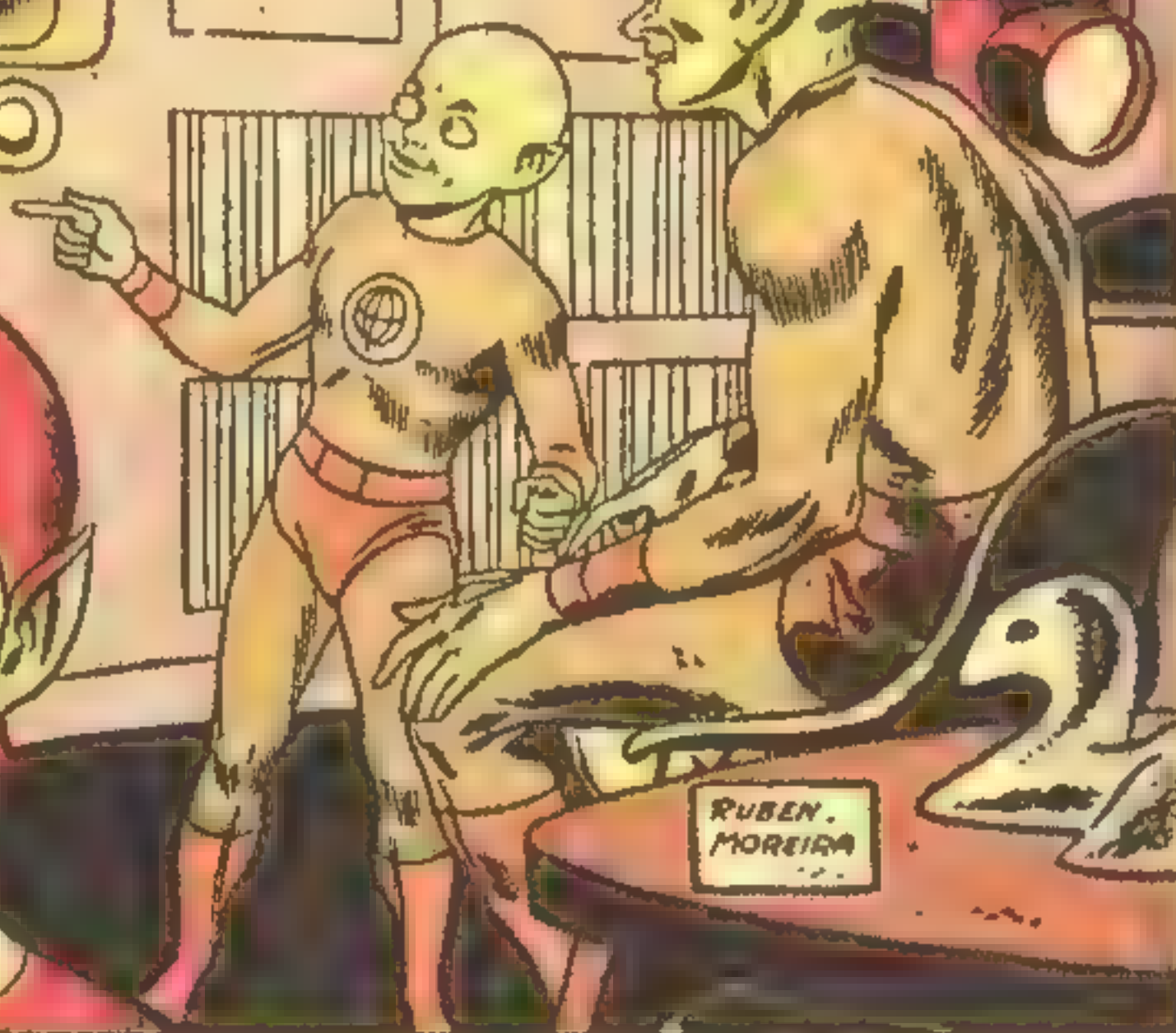
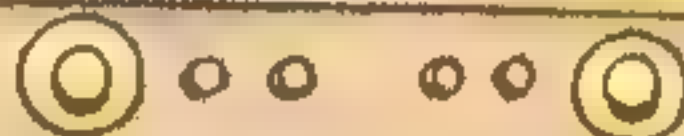
"DESTINATION--MARS!"

BUT I AM FROM EARTH, I AM!



POP, IS THAT MAN REALLY FROM EARTH? IS HE, IS HE?

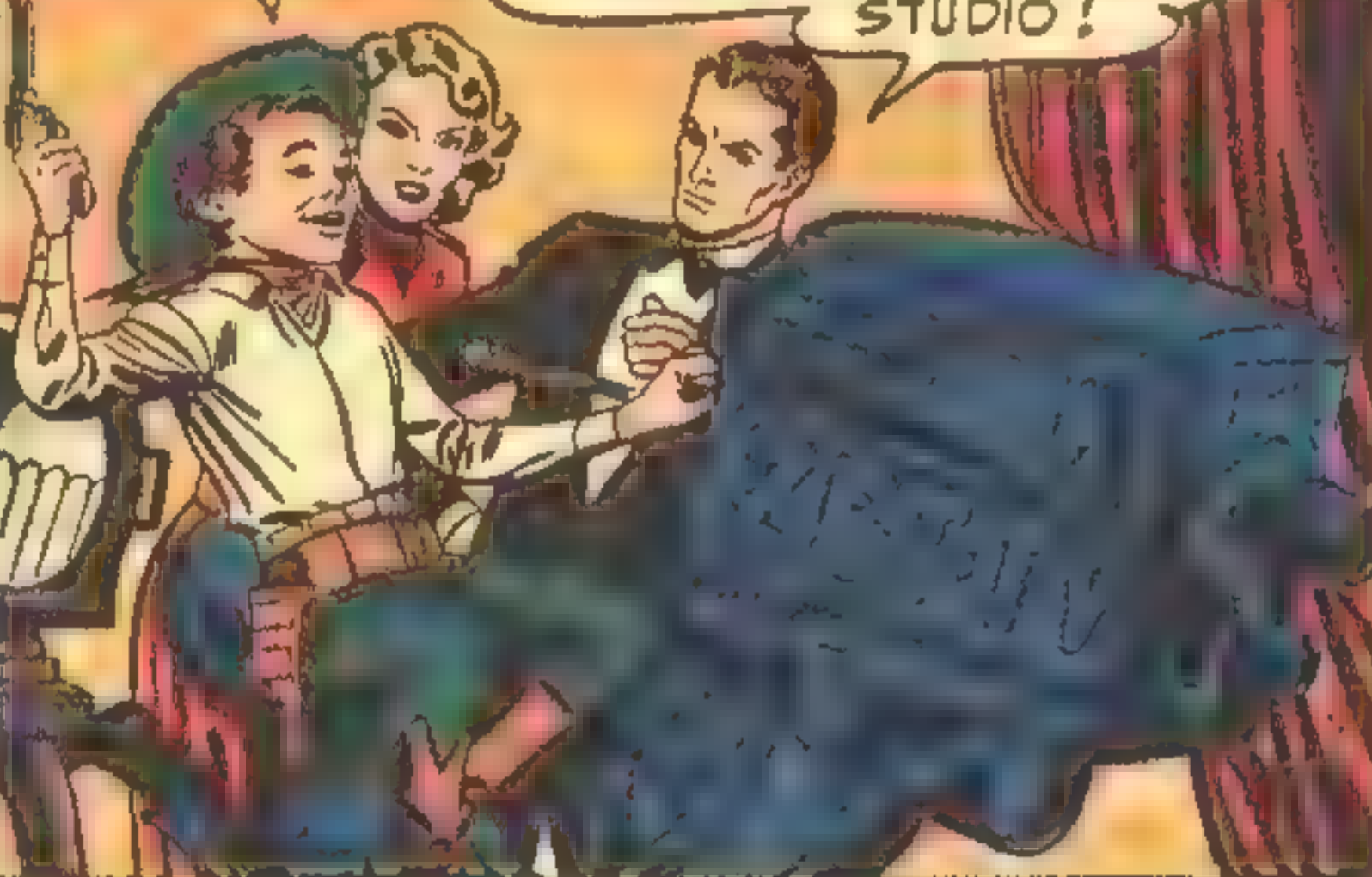
DON'T BE SILLY! XANDALU-2 WILL EXPOSE HIM AS A PHONEY. JUST WATCH AND SEE!



MINUTES BEFORE REHEARSAL FOR ROY RAYMOND'S "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!" TELEVISION SHOW IS SCHEDULED TO BEGIN...

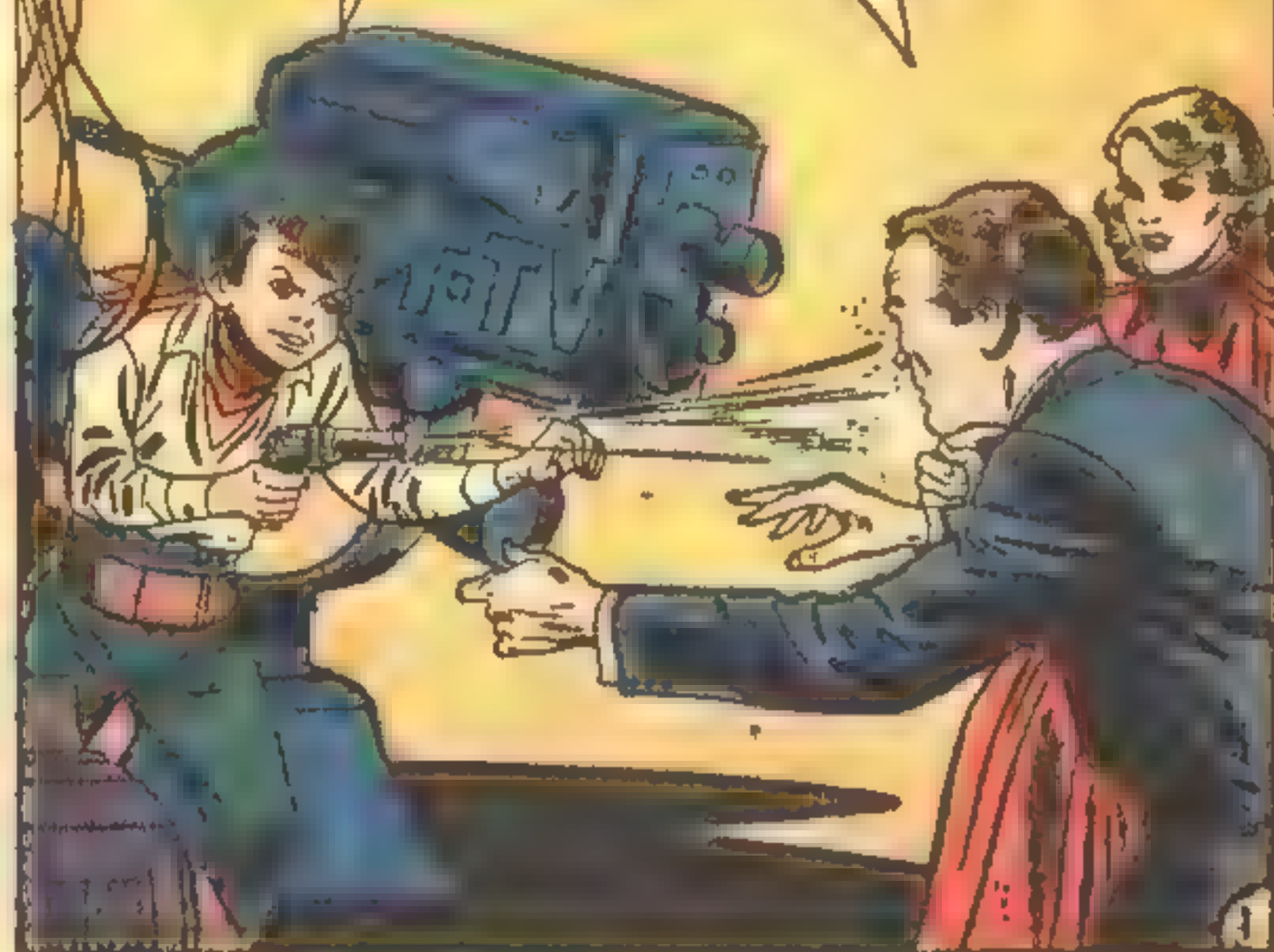
LOOKA ME---I'M A COWBOY FROM THE WILD WEST!

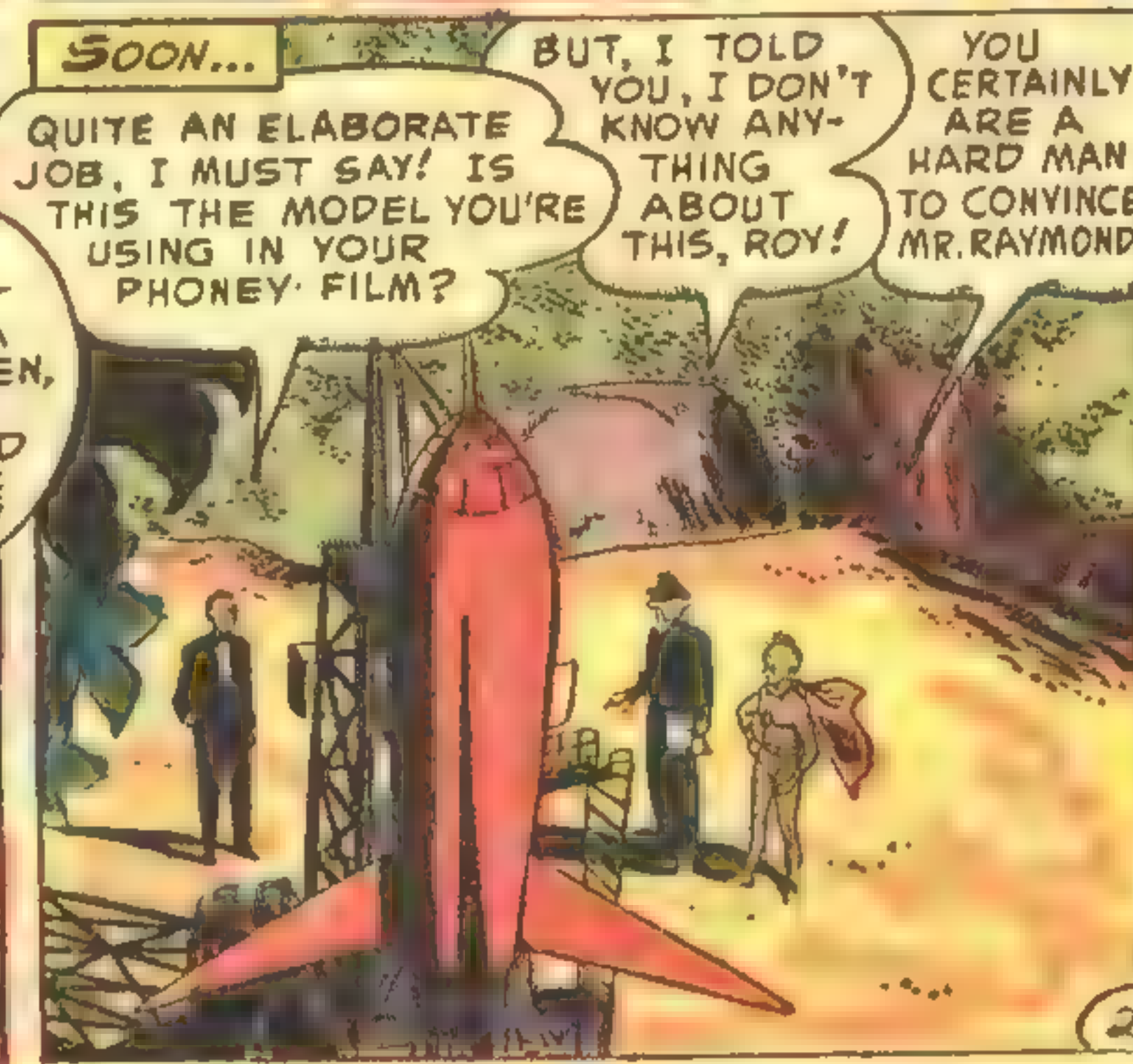
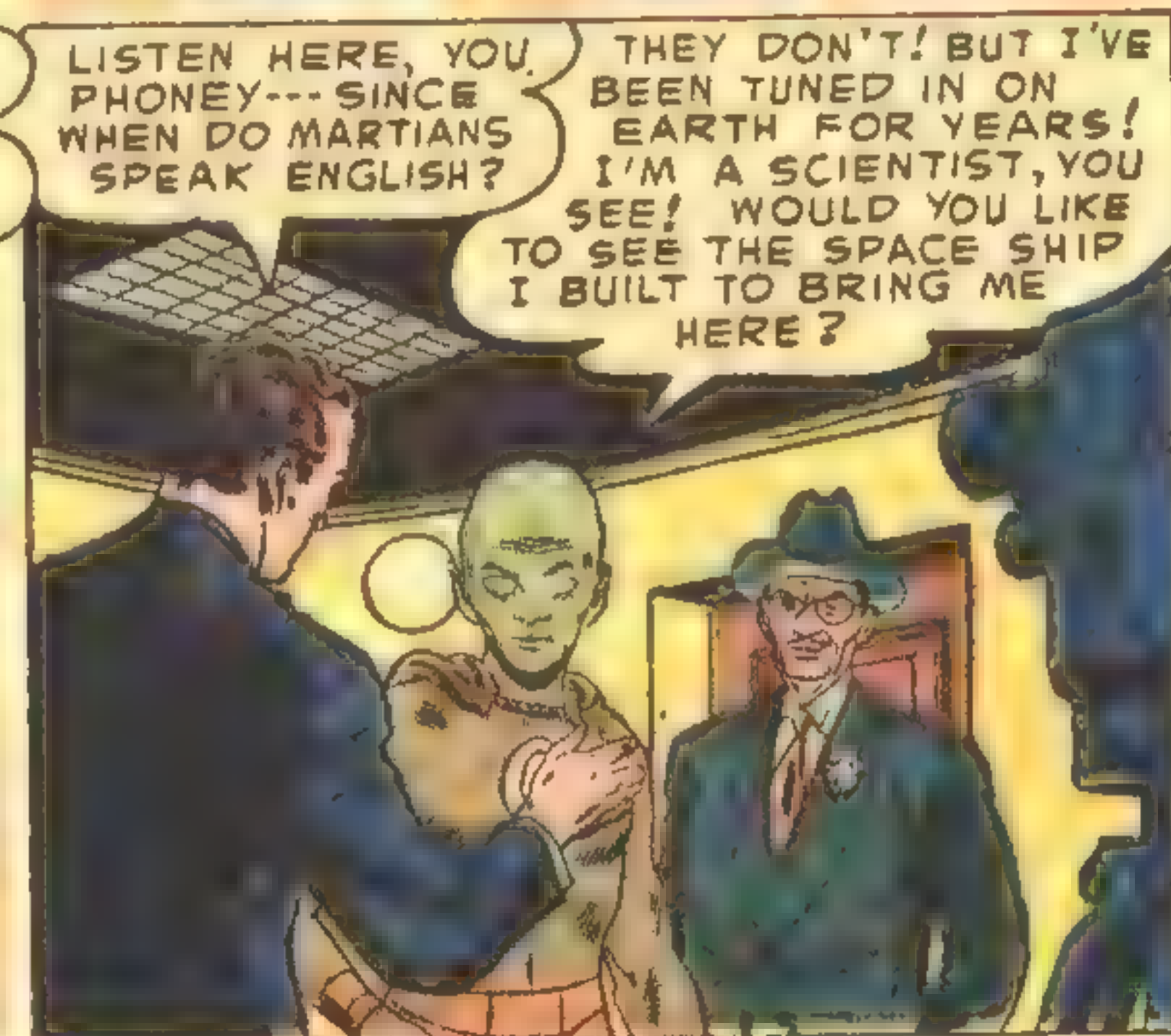
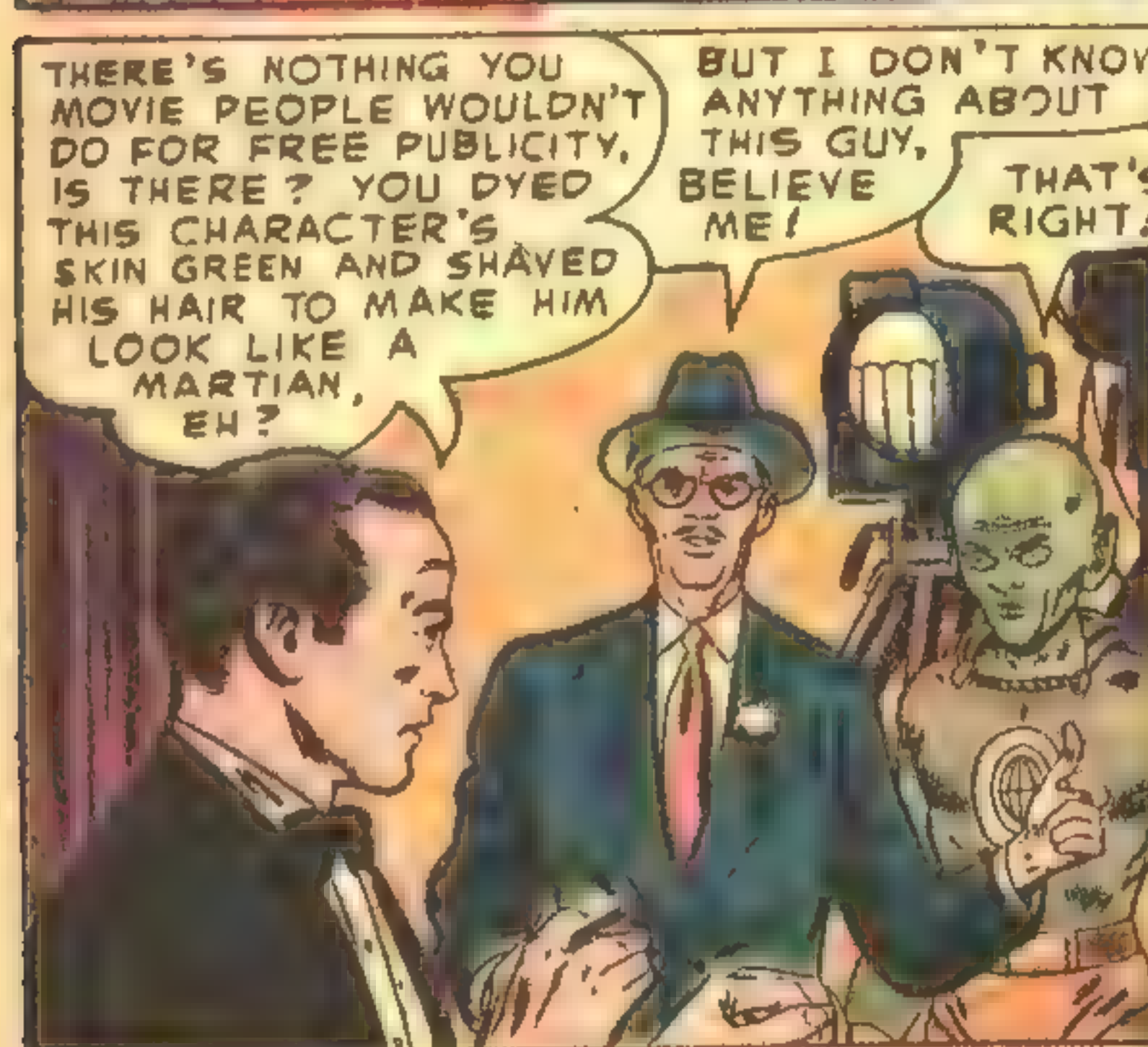
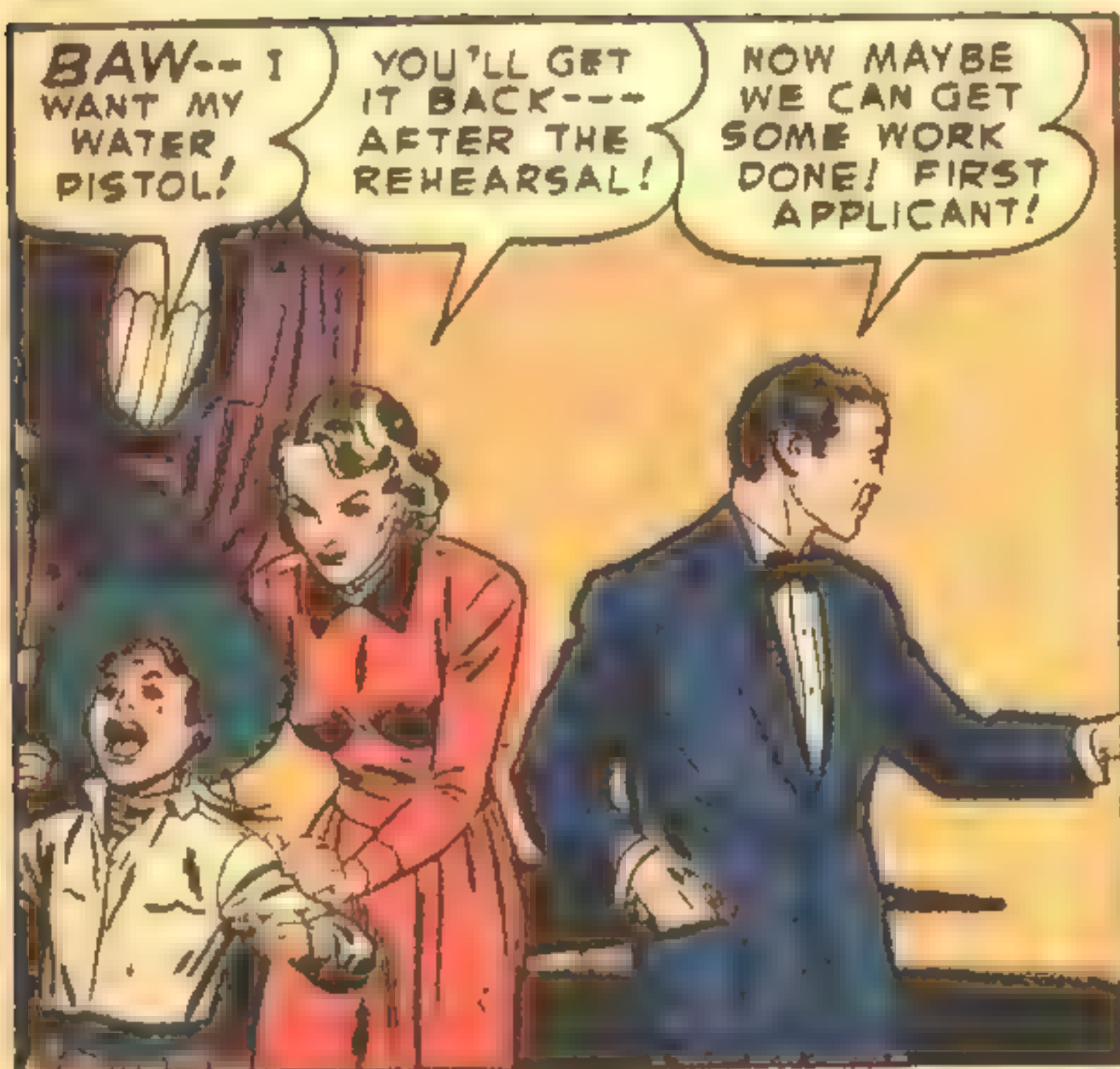
KAREN, WILL YOU PLEASE GET YOUR NEPHEW OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE WRECKS THE WHOLE STUDIO!



YOU CAN'T CATCH ME! TAKE THAT!

OW--! THAT DOES IT! GIVE ME THAT WATER PISTOL!





THEN, AS ROY STEPS INTO THE STRANGE CRAFT...

SO I'LL CONVINCE YOU THE HARD WAY--- BY TAKING YOU TO MARS!

FRANKLY, I'M GETTING A LITTLE BORED! KINDLY OPEN THAT DOOR, OR I'LL SMASH IT DOWN AND STEP OUT!

YOU DO AND YOU'LL HAVE A PRETTY LONG FALL, ROY--- LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!

HUH? IT CAN'T BE REAL. IT'S...

... A VERY FINE PAINTING! NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY--- I'M GOING!

GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE THE GAS GUN!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH--- O-O-O-H--- I'M G-GETTING D-DIZZY---

YOU CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

AT LENGTH, AS ROY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

W-WHAT'S ON ME? A-AND THESE WIRES...?

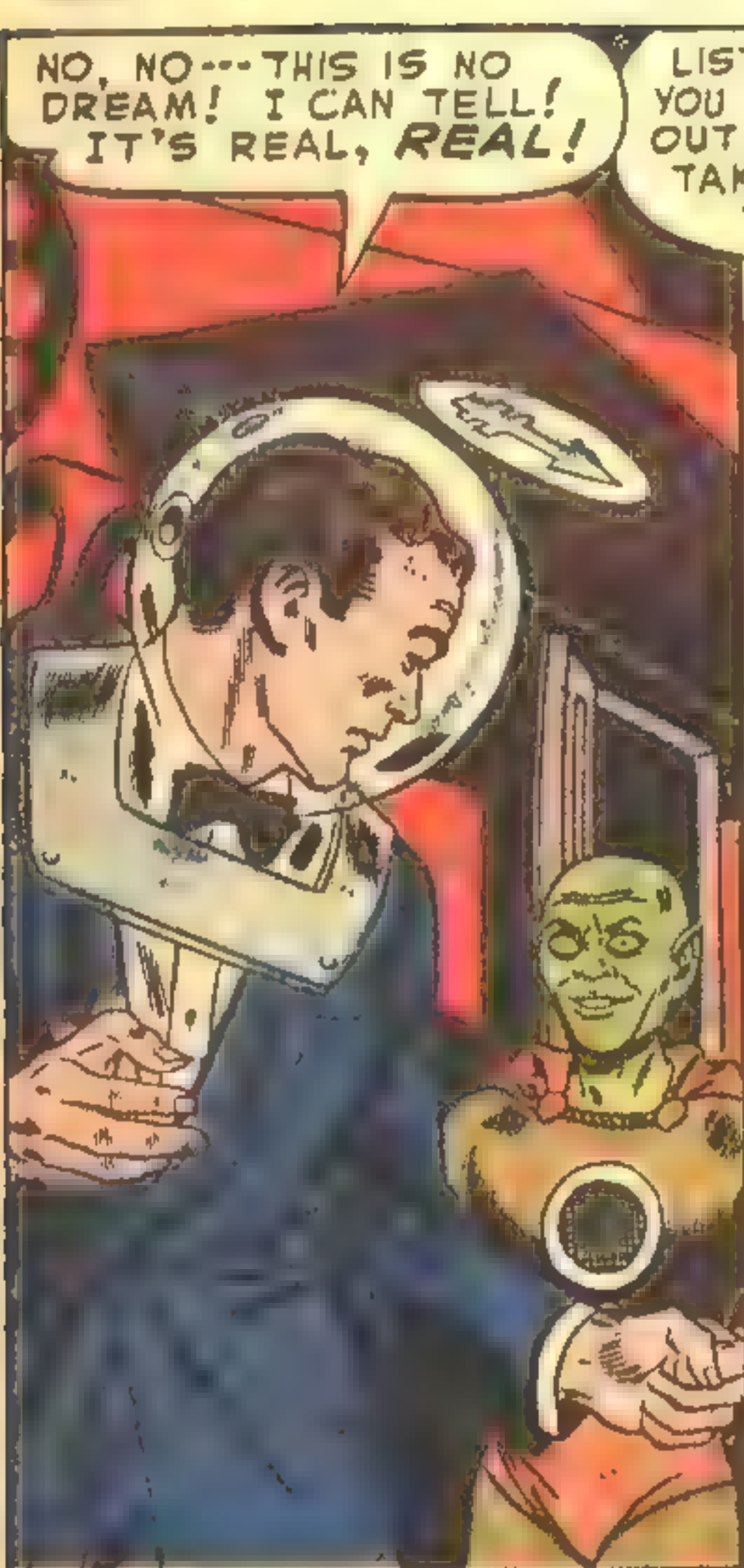
THE HELMET IS SO YOU CAN BREATHE THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE ON MARS! I ALSO PLAYED A COMPLETE MARTIAN LANGUAGE COURSE RECORD, WHICH PENETRATED YOUR BRAIN WHILE YOU SLEPT! NOW, YOU, TOO, CAN SPEAK MARTIAN!... ER--- BY THE WAY, WE'VE ARRIVED!

I GET IT NOW--- YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M GOING OUT FOR A COP!

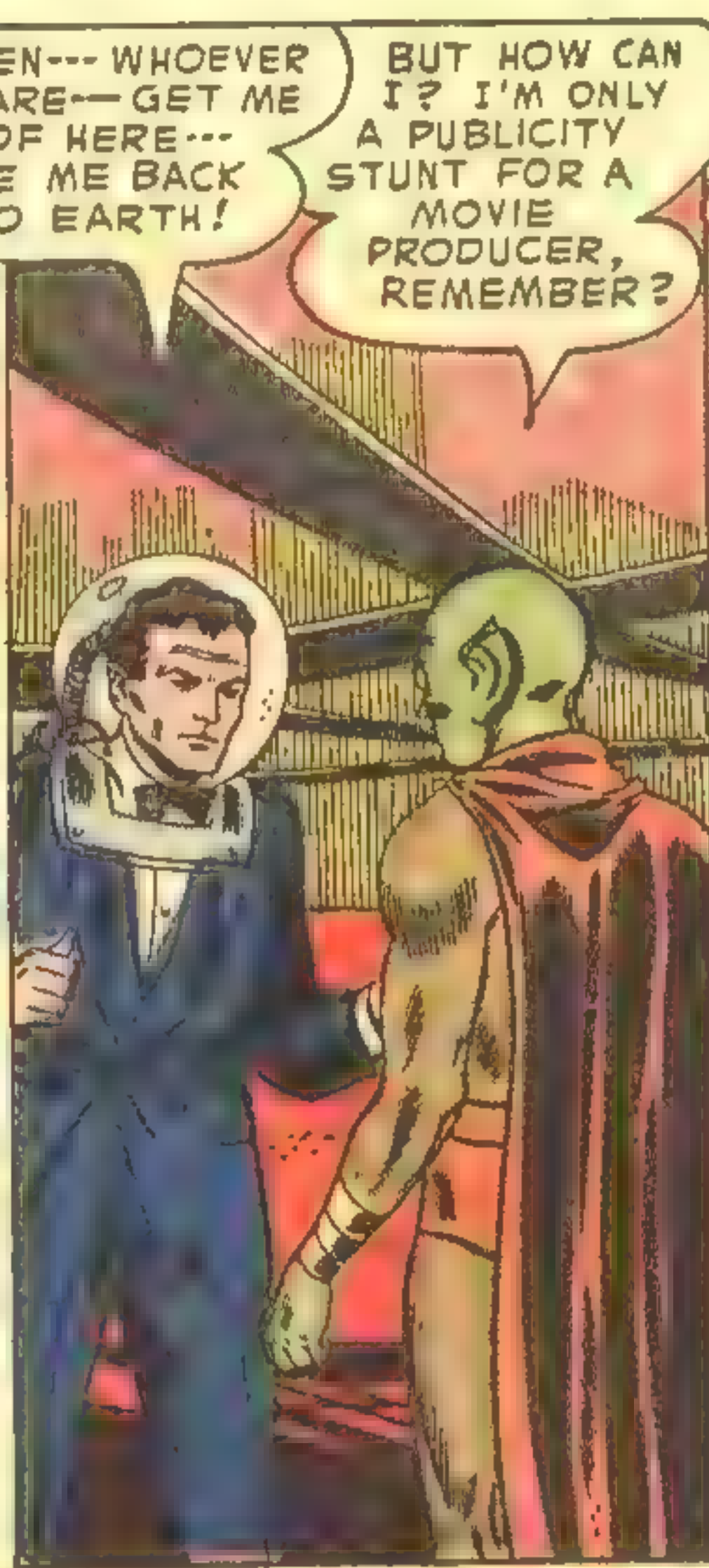
HAVE FUN!

BUT AS ROY EMERGES FROM THE STRANGE SPACE SHIP...

AM--- AM--- I--- DREAMING---?



NO, NO---THIS IS NO DREAM! I CAN TELL! IT'S REAL, **REAL!**



LISTEN--- WHOEVER YOU ARE--- GET ME OUT OF HERE--- TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!

BUT HOW CAN I? I'M ONLY A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR A MOVIE PRODUCER, REMEMBER?



I'LL---I'LL FORCE HIM TO TAKE ME BACK---THERE MUST BE POLICEMEN ON MARS, TOO!

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUY! PROBABLY ADVERTISING THAT NEW SPACE MOVIE---"THE MAN FROM EARTH!"



MOMENTS LATER, ON A BUSY INTERSECTION...

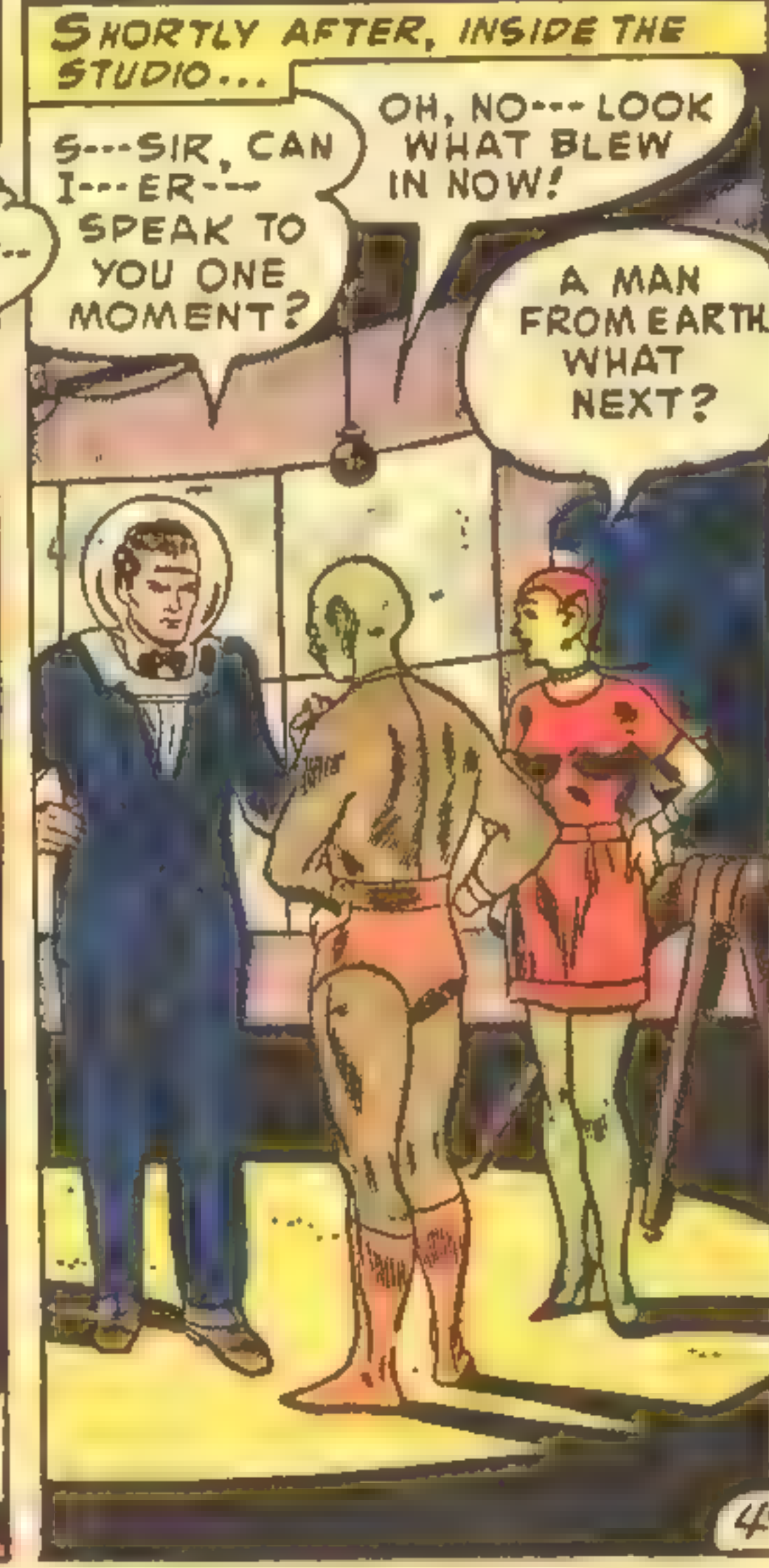
THEN---THEN HE BROUGHT ME HERE IN HIS SPACE SHIP, AND NOW REFUSES TO TAKE ME BACK!

BEAT IT, YOU CLOWN, BEFORE I TAKE YOU IN!



AND, AS ROY WANDERS THROUGH THE STRANGE STREETS OF THE DRY PLANET...

NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME--- WAIT A MINUTE! A MARTIAN VERSION OF MY "IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT TRUE!" SHOW. IF---IF THE PRODUCER IS AS FAIR-MINDED AS I AM, MAYBE HE'LL LISTEN TO ME! I--- I'LL GO IN!

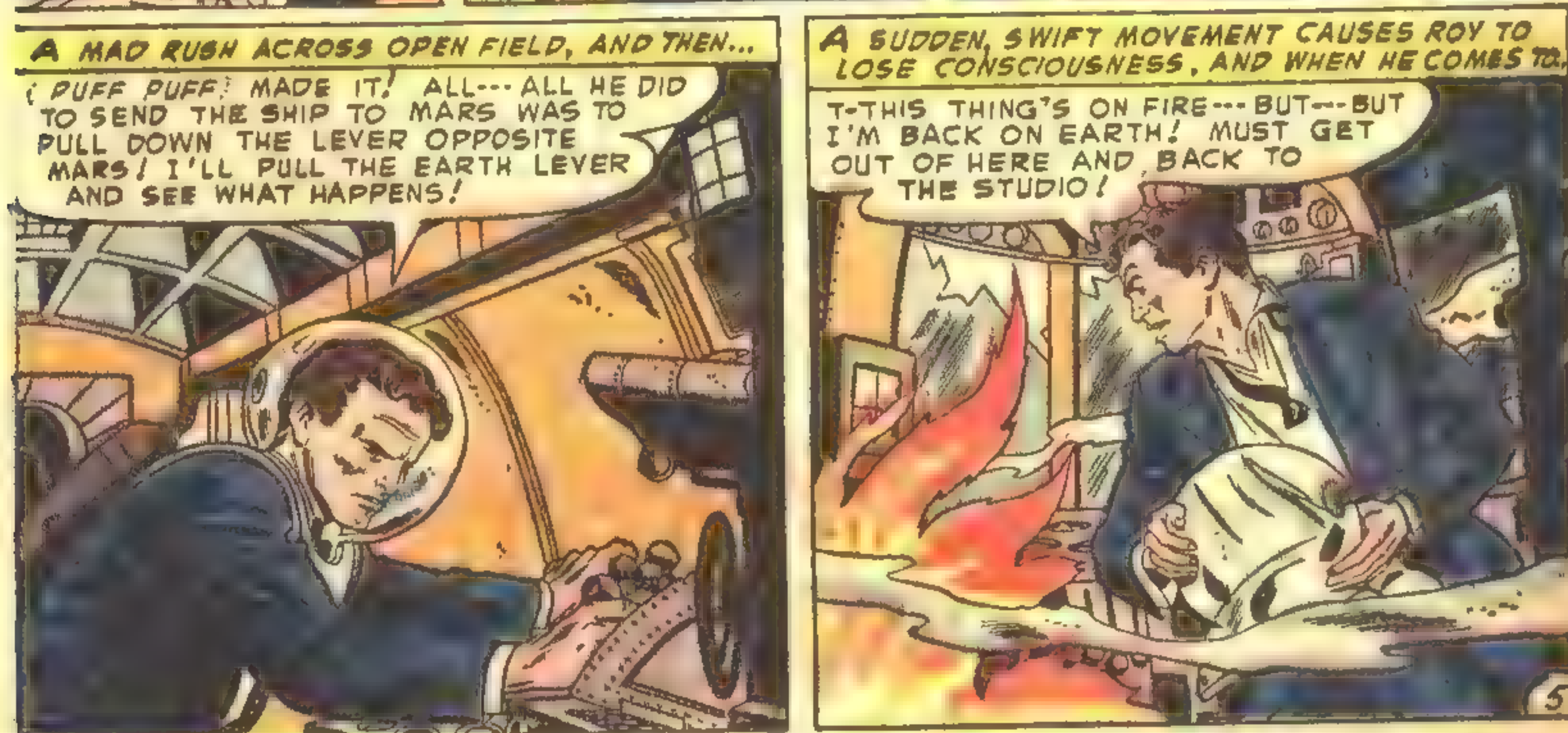
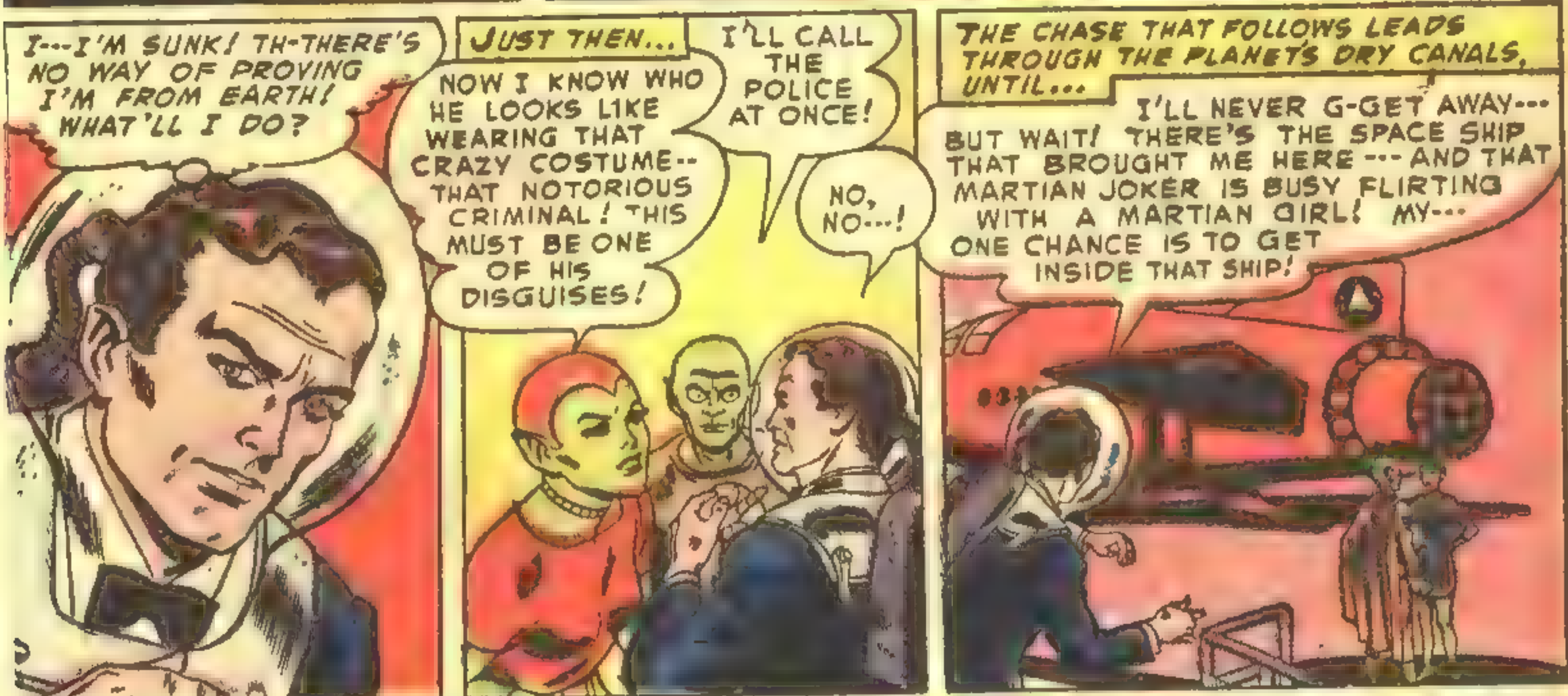
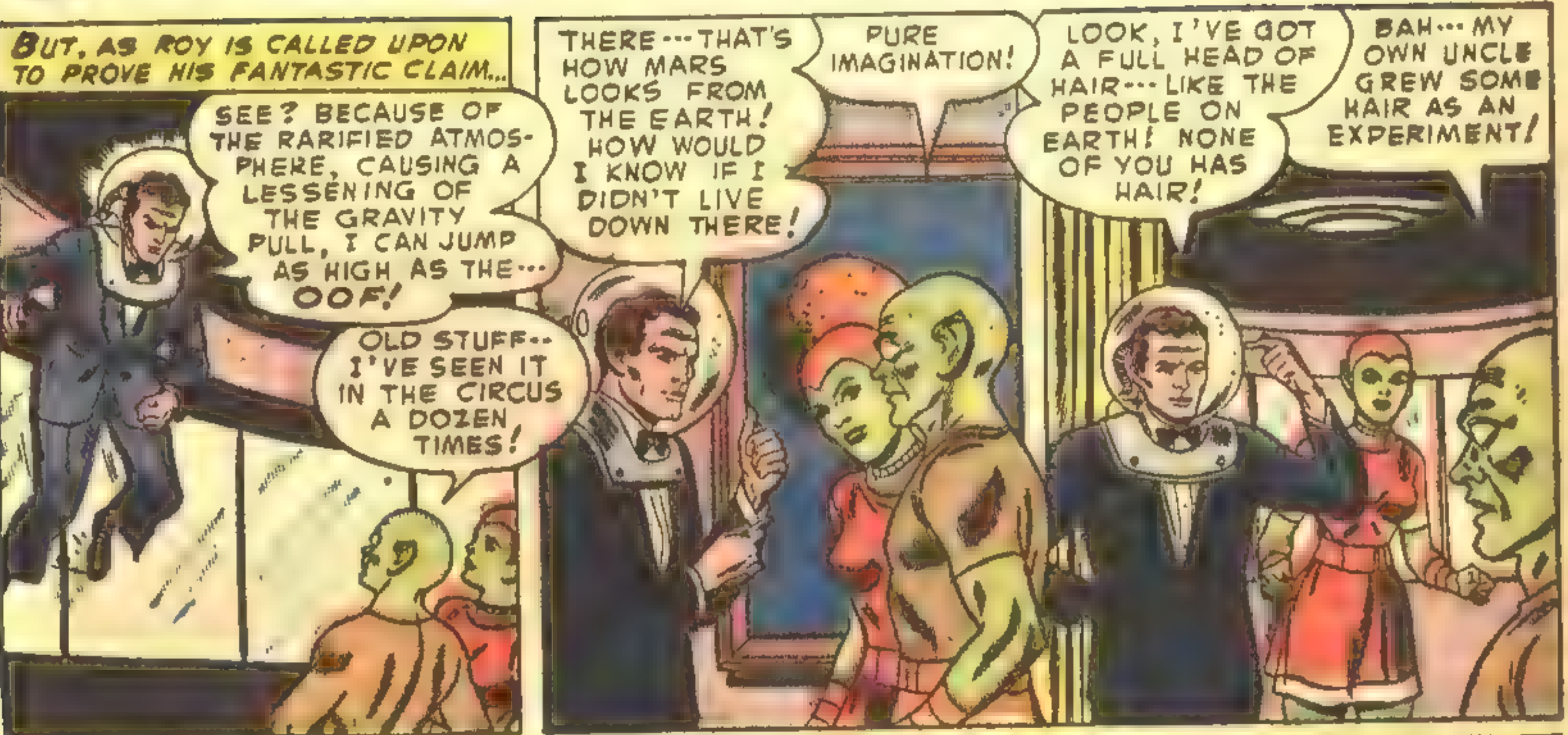


SHORTLY AFTER, INSIDE THE STUDIO...

S---SIR, CAN I---ER--- SPEAK TO YOU ONE MOMENT?

OH, NO--- LOOK WHAT BLEW IN NOW!

A MAN FROM EARTH. WHAT NEXT?



SOON, BACK AT THE STUDIO...

KAREN, GET HOLD OF THAT MOVIE PRODUCER FOR ME! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL IF IT WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT, OR NOT!

OH, DIDN'T YOU HEAR? BRISTOL DIED OF A HEART ATTACK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO! BUT, ROY, YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR HOURS! WHERE TO? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THEN, AS ROY COMPLETES HIS STRANGE STORY...

SO---WITH BRISTOL DEAD AND THE---ER---SPACE SHIP BURNED---YOU CAN'T BE SURE IF IT WAS A DREAM, OR---OR IF IT WAS REALLY---

MMM... BUT SOMEHOW, THAT ISN'T WHAT'S TROUBLING ME! WHAT'S TROUBLING ME IS THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO PROVE TO THAT MARTIAN ROY RAYMOND THAT I WAS ACTUALLY FROM THE PLANET EARTH!

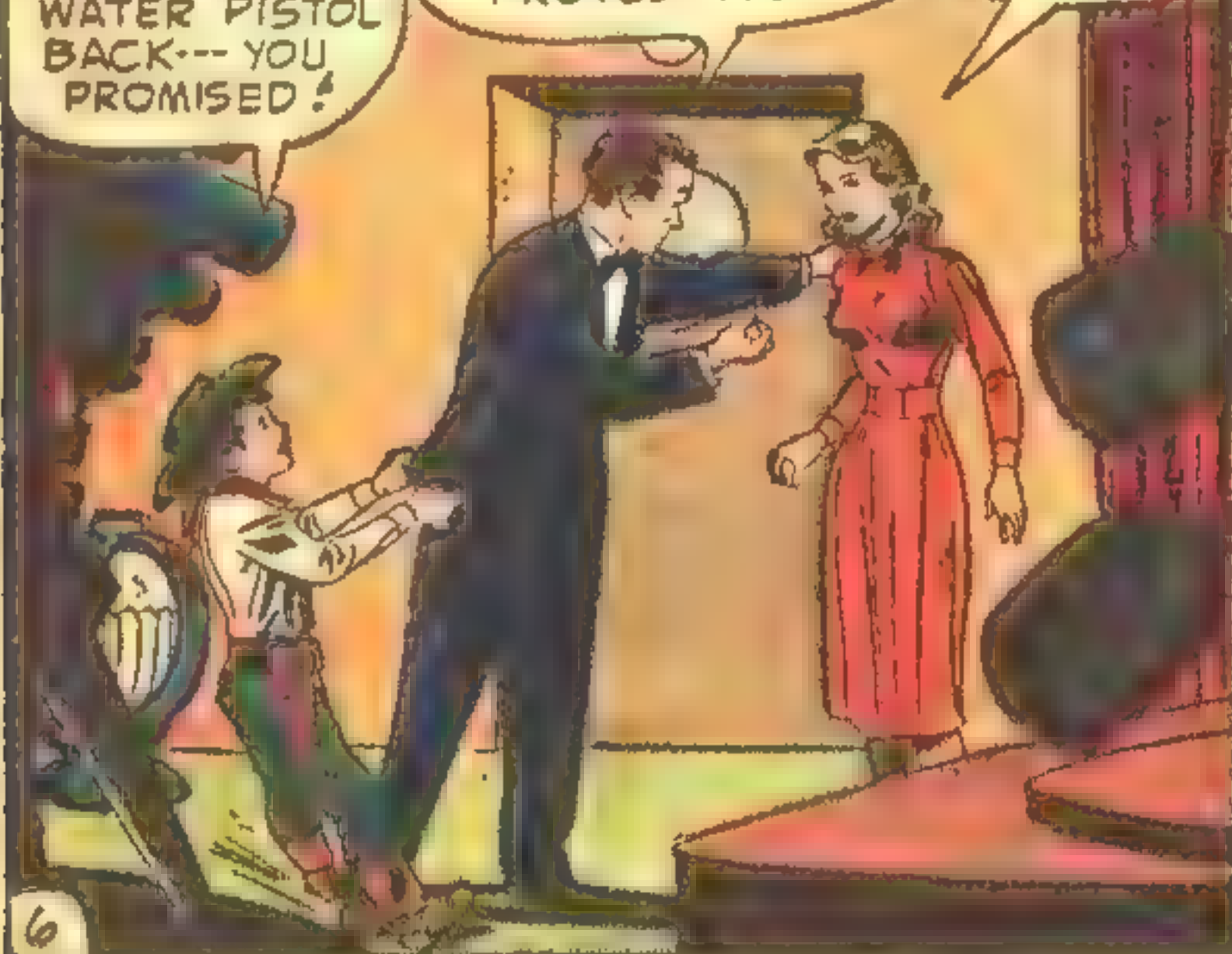


JUST THEN...

GIMME MY WATER PISTOL BACK--- YOU PROMISED!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S HOW I COULD'VE PROVED IT!

HUH?



DON'T YOU SEE, KAREN? MARS IS A DRY PLANET! WATER ON MARS IS AS RARE AS RADIUM ON EARTH! NO MARTIAN EVER OWNED MORE THAN A THIMBLEFUL! AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS THERE--- I HAD THIS LOADED WATER PISTOL IN MY POCKET!



THE END

TRY THESE DELICIOUS
TOOTSIE POPS! AND
THE TOOTSIE ROLL
TOO!

Nothing beats that
mouth-watering, chocolaty
flavor of the chewy TOOTSIE ROLL.



CHERRY
CHOCOLATE
ORANGE
LEMON
LIME

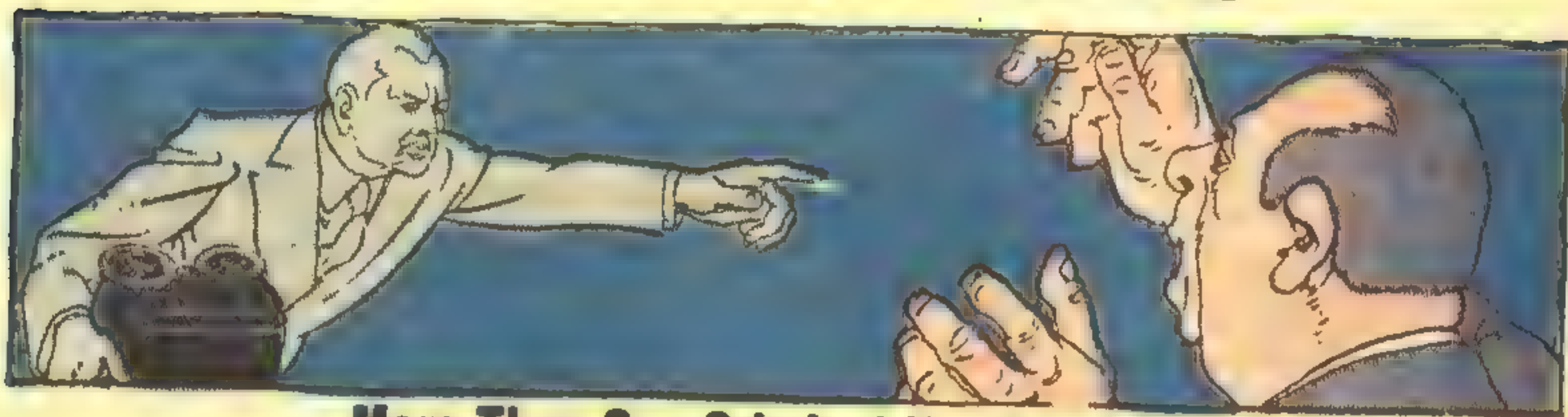
DELICIOUS
CHEWY
TOOTSIE ROLL
CENTER



America's favorite candy



WITNESS ON WIRE



More Than One Criminal Has Been Hung By His Own Words

IT would be no exaggeration to state that when Police Commissioner John J. Considine awoke on the morning of April 18th, 1946, he was confident this day would turn out to be the happiest of his life. The Commissioner had every good reason to think so.

He had risen early, and shaved carefully. His newly cleaned and pressed suit had been laid out the night before by his wife, Amy, who rejoiced in his happiness.

Stepping out into the brisk, sunshiny April morning, he decided to walk to the courthouse. There was plenty of time. And as his leather heels resounded on the pavement, his mind slipped backwards over the crowded events of the past 10 years. Yes, it had been 10 teeming years since he had vowed to put Wee Willy Graham behind bars, and keep him there!

It hadn't been easy. No, not easy. In fact, it had been the toughest campaign this aging warrior against crime had ever been in. Because it was one thing to *know* that Graham was the big boss of organized rackets in town. It was quite another thing to *prove* it.

The Commissioner thought back

with a shudder to the endless questioning of merchants who, he knew, were paying through the nose for Graham's phoney protection. But the merchants had decided to play it safe. Better to pay up than wind up in a dark alley some night full of bullet holes. In vain the Commissioner had begged them to put the finger on Wee Willy, but as one man they all gave the hapless police officer the stony silence treatment.

Then, suddenly, it happened—the one big break. A henchman of Wee Willy Graham's had had a falling out with the boss. His name was Anthony Burnett and he had said: "Sure, I'll turn State's evidence!" And so, the members of the Grand Jury were gathered at the Courthouse this morning of April 18th, to hear the evidence against Wee Willie Graham, and the Police Commissioner would be there, too, to celebrate his hard-won victory.

But the moment Commissioner Considine stepped into the chilly corridor of the white stone building, he knew something had gone amiss. It was Sam Chappeler, of the Prosecutor's office, who broke the bad news.

"Burnett's changed his mind, John! He's back working for Graham!"

The Commissioner said nothing for a while. One sentence kept repeating itself over and over again in his mind: "Ten years lost! Ten years lost!"

At length, he spoke. "The fool! Doesn't he realize that Graham'll kill him the first chance he gets?" Another silence, then Commissioner Considine turned to the man from the Prosecutor's office. "Guess we'll just have to start all over again!" he said, simply.

As it happened, it wasn't necessary to start at the very beginning. The case against Wee Willie Graham was strong. All that was lacking was a good witness or two to testify in open court, tying up Graham with the network of crime. It was during a visit with the County Prosecutor that Commissioner Considine got the big idea.

The Commissioner had entered Prosecutor Dykeman's office unannounced. He heard the Prosecutor dictating a letter, and without glancing at him, walked over to the large double windows overlooking Centre Park.

When the Prosecutor finished dictating, Considine turned to him, and then to the secretary—*who wasn't there!* Then, the Commissioner smiled as he realized that the Prosecutor had been dictating into a tape recorder. And, in the next instant, he stopped smiling.

"Lloyd," shouted the Commissioner, "That's it! That's it!"

"What's what?" asked the astonished Prosecutor.

The two men spent the next two hours closeted together. In the outer office, the girl at the switchboard had received explicit orders from the Prosecutor: "If anyone calls, Miss Gissing, I'm out!"

On July 8th, Wee Willie Graham and

four other men entered the racket boss's big black limousine. A glass partition separated Graham from his chauffeur. The sedan was soundproof and bullet-proof.

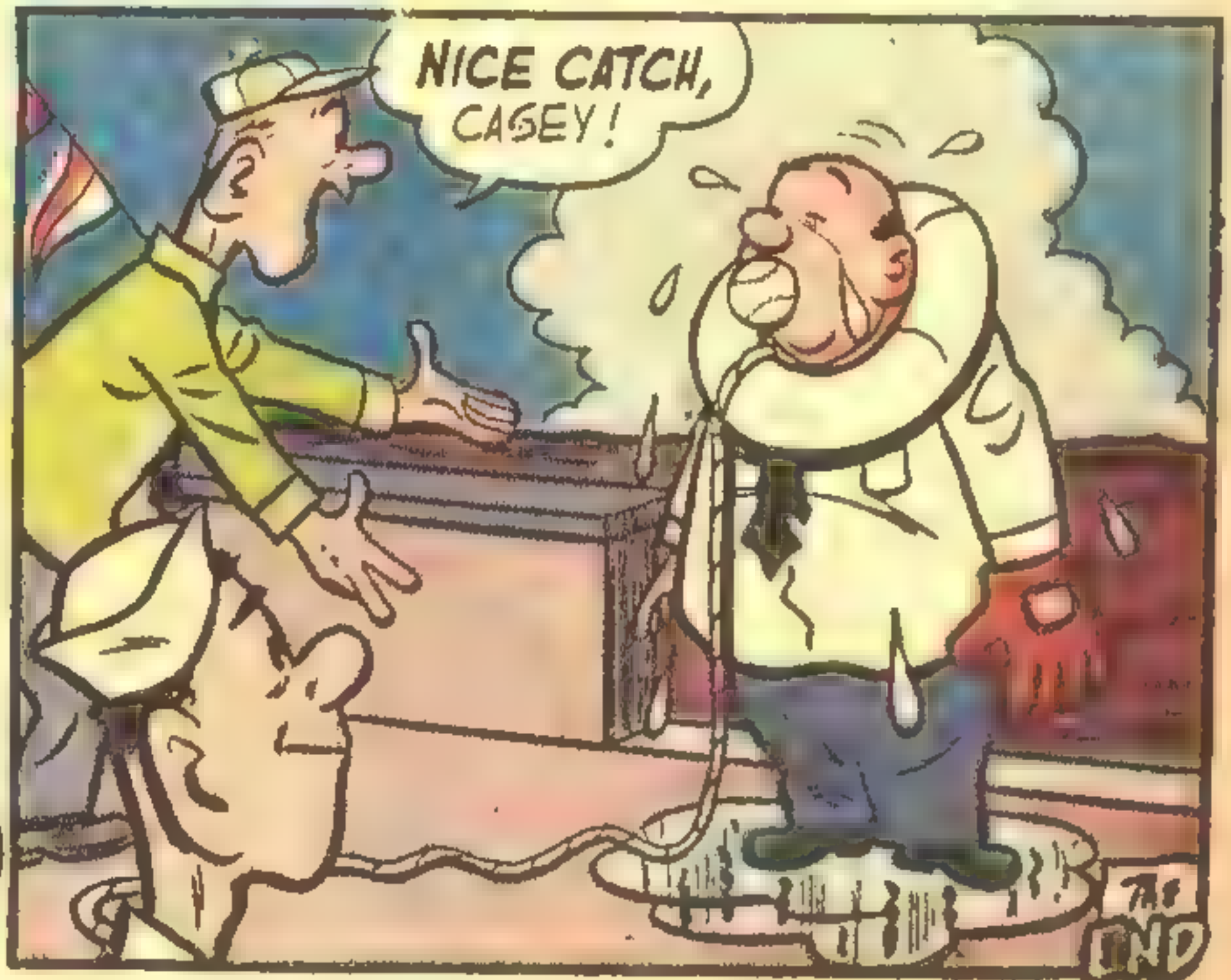
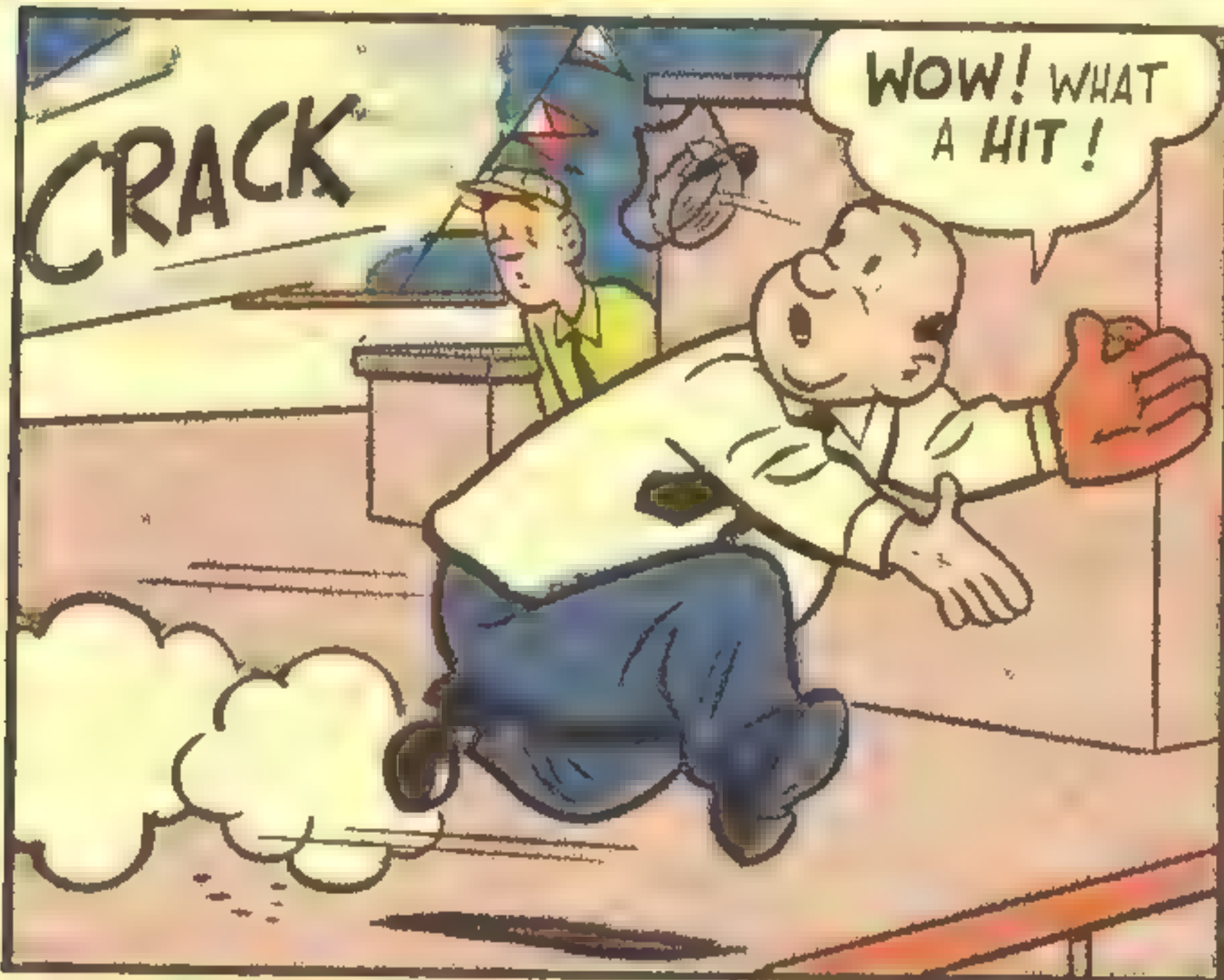
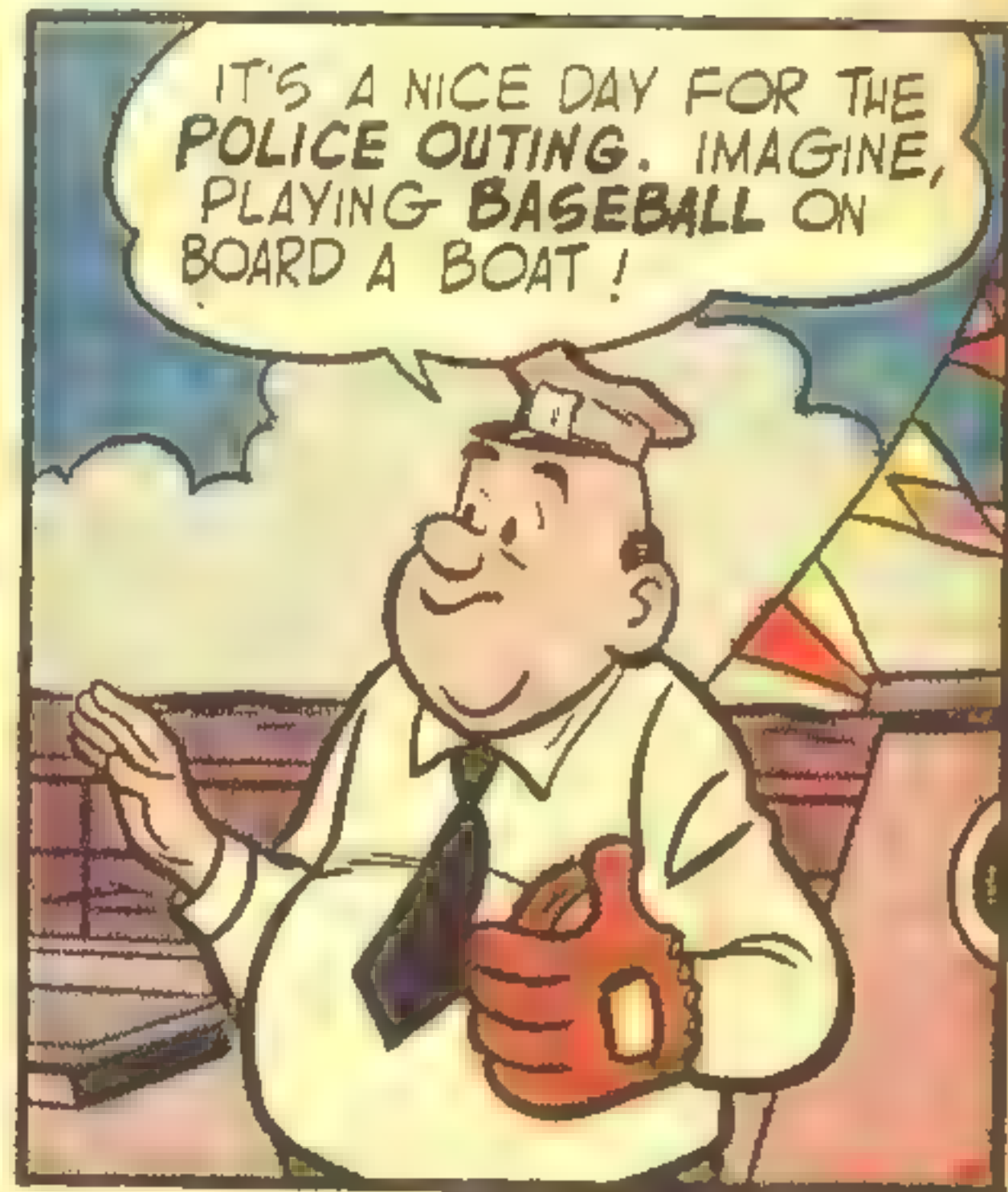
Everyone knew what this little ride was all about. Graham was holding a top-secret meeting with the racket heads of the three adjoining counties. There had been a number of invasions by the respective racket groups, and a meeting was called by Wee Willie to straighten out their differences. There was one thing about Willie—he liked to operate his rackets in a peaceful manner.

But Willie didn't trust officers—not his own, or any other. A sedan cruising down a deserted highway at the legal 45 miles-per-hour was the only safe way. The foursome completed the business at hand to the satisfaction of all concerned, and each went his separate way.

Wee Willie was unruffled when he was again summoned to appear before the August body of the Grand Jury. But he looked surprised when the Police Commissioner, aided by two men from the Prosecutor's Office, carried in a harmless-looking tape recorder, and set it spinning.

To Wee Willie's open-mouthed chagrin, what he heard the spinning tape reveal was a word-by-word recording of the conversation in his allegedly safe sedan! And to his outraged shouts and protests of "Frame-up!" the Commissioner was happy indeed to reveal how the tape recorder had been secreted into the black sedan, with an automatic timing device.

Wee Willie stood condemned, and later, convicted, out of his own mouth! Lawmen generally agree that this is by far the best way.



POW-WOW SMITH



A BOWSTRING TIGHTENS... A BRAVE TAKES AIM... AND AN ARROW FLIES DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE HEAD OF OHIVESA, KNOWN TO THE PALEFACES AS POW-WOW SMITH, FAMED SIOUX DEPUTY! THEN A RIFLE IS LEVELED AT THE LAWMAN'S BACK... AND A BULLET NEARLY THUDS HOME! ARROWS AND BULLETS... FIRED AT HIM BY HIS FRIENDS! WHY? WHY WERE THEY AFTER HIM? WHAT BAFFLING REASON COULD POSSIBLY LURK BEHIND THE GRIM ORDER TO...

"BRING IN POW-WOW SMITH DEAD!"

UNAWARE OF STRANGE EVENTS LYING AHEAD, POW-WOW SMITH, FAMED INDIAN DEPUTY, RETURNS TOWARD TOWN AFTER A MISSION IN THE HILLS...

AH... THERE'S OLD JEFF! I'D LIKE TO STOP AND CHAT WITH HIM, BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME! I'LL JUST WAVE!



IN ANSWER, OLD JEFF RAISES HIS RIFLE, AND...

GREAT GUNS! H-HE FIRED AT ME! IF THAT'S A JOKE, I DON'T SEE THE HUMOR IN IT!



NOR IS THIS THE ONLY "JOKE" AWAITING POW-WOW, FOR AS HE ENTERS A WOODY CANYON...

THERE ARE THREE OF MY TRIBESMEN, OUT ON THE HUNT! HALL-L-O-O-OO... GOOD HUNTING, FRIENDS!

THIS IS FANTASTIC! HERE I AM RETURNING FROM A MISSION---AND MY FRIENDS ARE TRYING TO KILL ME! I'LL GO INTO TOWN... MAYBE THE SOLUTION TO ALL THIS CAN BE FOUND THERE!

AND ONCE AGAIN, A STRANGE RESPONSE... NOW WHAT?



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

SO... THIS IS THE ANSWER TO THE "ATTEMPTS" ON MY LIFE! IT'S ALL A JOKE---I'M BEING INITIATED INTO THE WILD LIFE CLUB! LUCKY I SAW THIS NOTICE---OR I'D GO CRAZY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY MY FRIENDS ARE TRYING TO "KILL" ME!



SURE---THEY'RE FIRING BLANK BULLETS AND RUBBER-HEADED ARROWS... AND THAT PROBABLY WAS A RUBBER TOMAHAWK THAT ALMOST "GOT" ME! WHAT A GAG! BUT I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH IT UNTIL... OUCH... MY HAND! I BURNED IT!



MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO THE LAWMAN, IN A NEARBY CABIN...

THE IDEA'S GREAT, LUKE! NOBODY'S EVER FIGURED OUT A BETTER WAY TO GET RID O' POW-WOW SMITH!

YEAH! WE PASSED WORD AROUND THAT HE WAS MURDERED... AN' THAT THE KILLER IS POSIN' AS POW-WOW!

SO EVERYBODY IN THE COUNTRY IS OUT TO GET THE "IMPOSTOR!" HA, HA, HA!



THUS, WHEN POW-WOW STARTS OUT OF TOWN AWHILE LATER...

THERE HE GOES! THE MAN WHO MURDERED POW-WOW SMITH! SHOOT THE DIRTY KILLER DOWN!

YEAH---WHAT NERVE! HE'S GOT, BOLDLY RIDIN' IN HERE AN' ACTIN' JUST LIKE HE WAS THE REAL POW-WOW!

HA, HA... THE LITTLE GAME'S STARTED AGAIN! I'LL ACT AS IF I THINK THEY'RE SHOOTING REAL BULLETS!



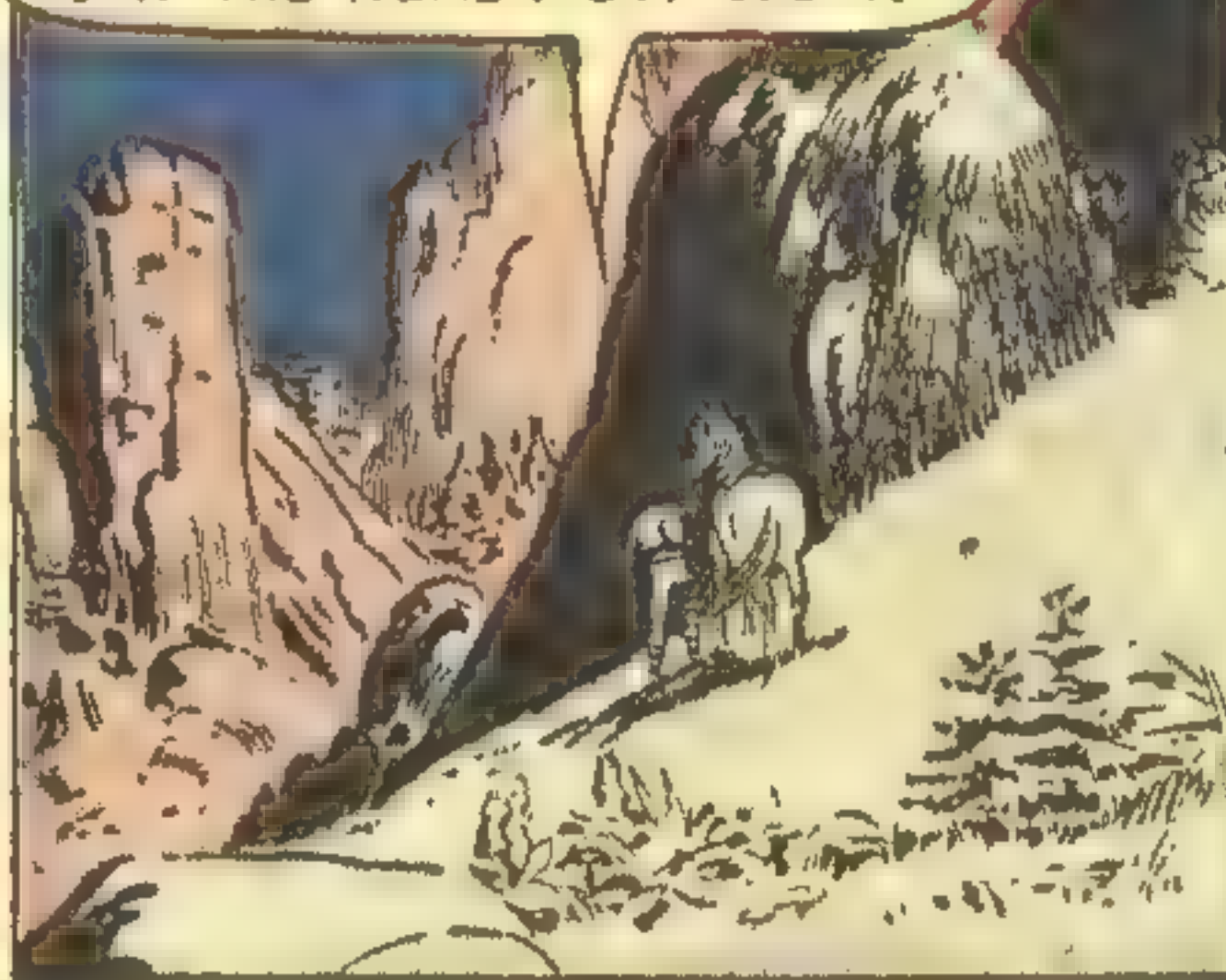
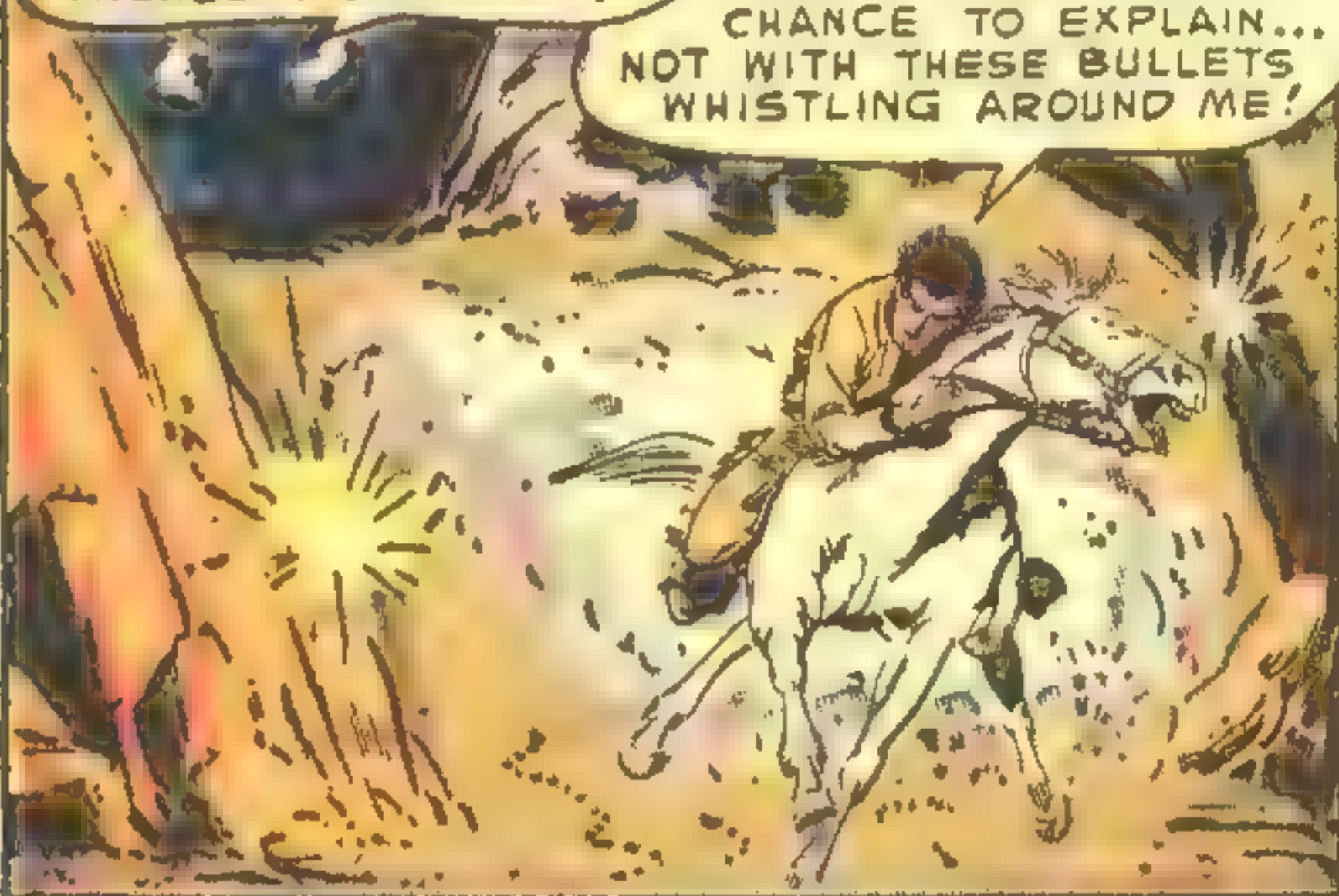
WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE AREN'T BLANK BULLETS! THEY'RE REAL... REAL ENOUGH TO BREAK WINDOWS AND THUD INTO POSTS!



RIDE HIM DOWN! SHOOT THE MURDERIN' IMPOSTOR! AVENGE POW-WOW!

GREAT GUNS! THEY THINK I'M AN IMPOSTOR-- AND I CAN'T GET A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN... NOT WITH THESE BULLETS WHISTLING AROUND ME!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET TO MY TRIBE IN RED DEER VALLEY! THE INDIANS THERE WILL VOUCH FOR ME... THEY'LL KNOW I'M THE REAL POW-WOW!



BUT SUDDENLY... YU! YU! YUH! YU-HOO!

THERE'S THE SLAYER OF OHIYESA, OUR BROTHER!

OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!

YU! YU! YUH! DOWN WITH THE KILLER!

FAT CHANCE I'LL HAVE EXPLAINING TO THEM! IF I AS MUCH AS SLOW UP, I'LL GET 1,000 ARROWS IN ME!



A TOUGH SPOT... I CAN'T FIGHT BACK,
 FOR FEAR OF HARMING MY FRIENDS...
 AND UNLESS I LOSE
 THEM, THEY'LL KILL
 ME! UP WE GO,
 BOY...LET'S
 SEE IF THEY
 CAN GET UP
 HERE!

AND AS POW-WOW PURPOSELY CREATES A
 MINIATURE LANDSLIDE...

LOOK OUT! RIDE
 BACK! THE STONES
 WILL HIT US!

THE IMPOSTOR
 RIDES WELL!
 WE'LL NEVER GET
 HIM NOW!

PRESENTLY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLIFF...

I'VE LEFT THEM BEHIND---FOR NOW...
 BUT WHAT'S MY NEXT MOVE? I'M
 AN OUTCAST---SOUGHT BY MY VERY
 FRIENDS! THEY WANT TO KILL
 ME FIRST--- AND ASK QUESTIONS
 LATER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
 RIDE INTO TOWN AND FACE THEM...
 AND TRY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM
 OF THIS! I CAN'T RUN AWAY
 FOREVER!

SO SHORTLY AFTERWARD, BACK IN TOWN...

IT'S HIM--- THE
 IMPOSTOR! HE'S
 COME IN CARRYIN'
 A FLAG O' TRUCE!

HE DON'T DESERVE
 NO TRUCE---NOT
 AFTER WHAT
 HE DONE!

HE KILLED
**POW-WOW
 SMITH!**
 MAKE HIM
 PAY FOR IT!

BUT I AM **POW-WOW SMITH!**
 YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE...
 I'M NO IMPOSTOR!

PSST...WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN', LUKE---
 BEFORE HE PROVES IT!

YEAH!



OKAY, MISTER... WE'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE! HERE'S A WARRANT WITH THE REAL **POW-WOW'S** SIGNATURE ON IT! SIGN **YOUR** NAME, AND WE'LL COMPARE THE SIGNATURES!

CERTAINLY! THAT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH!



BUT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISTER? THAT'S A PRETTY SLOPPY SIGNATURE!

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU--- I BURNED MY HAND! IT HINDERS MY WRITING!



HA, HA! GET A LOAD OF THAT ONE! HE **BURNED** HIS HAND!

YEAH--- SURE... HEAP BIG INJUN BURN HEAP BIG HAND! HAW!

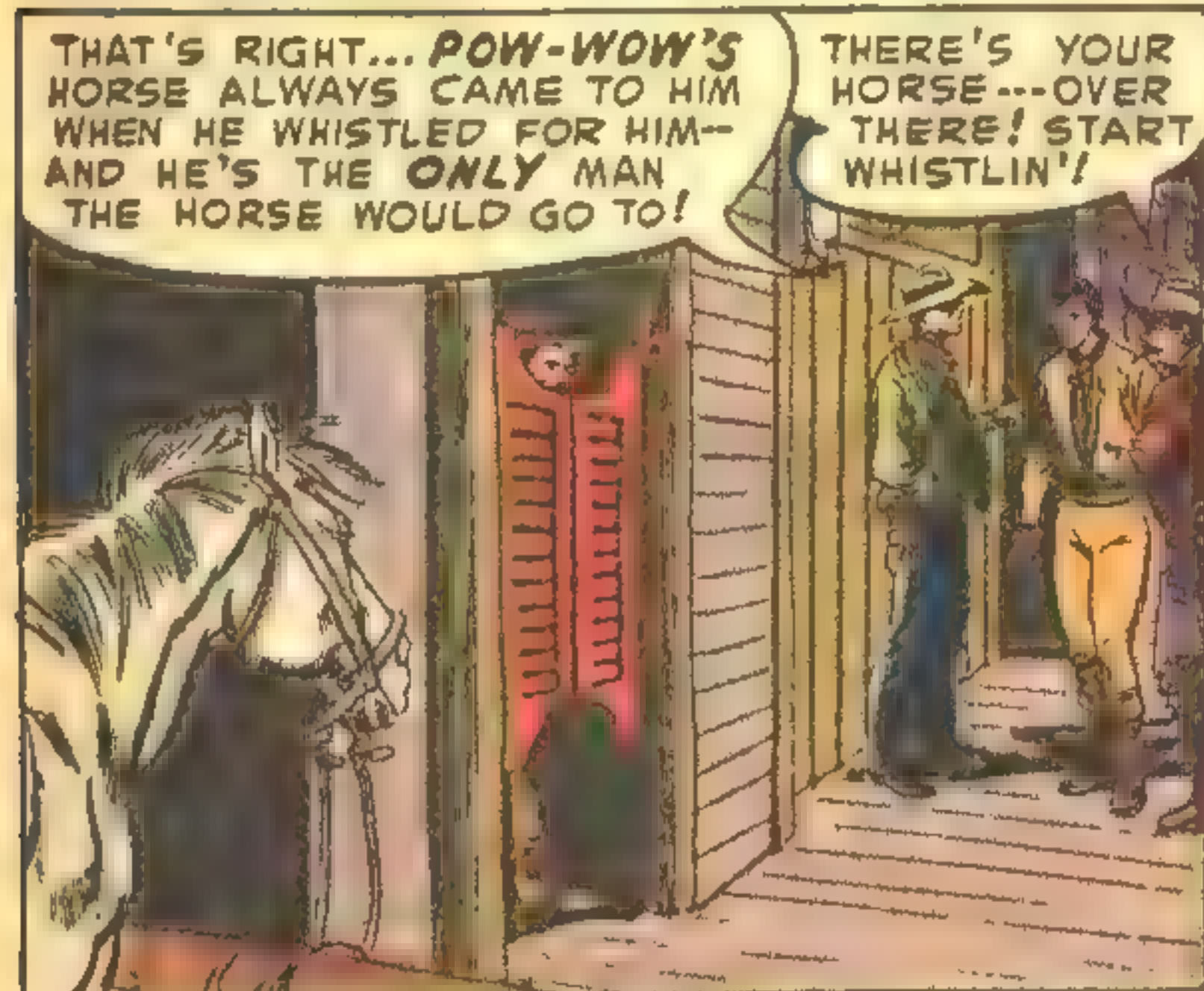
LOOK, BOYS... I BURNED **MY** HAND, TOO! HA, HA HA!



THE ALIBI'S NO GOOD... YOU KILLER!

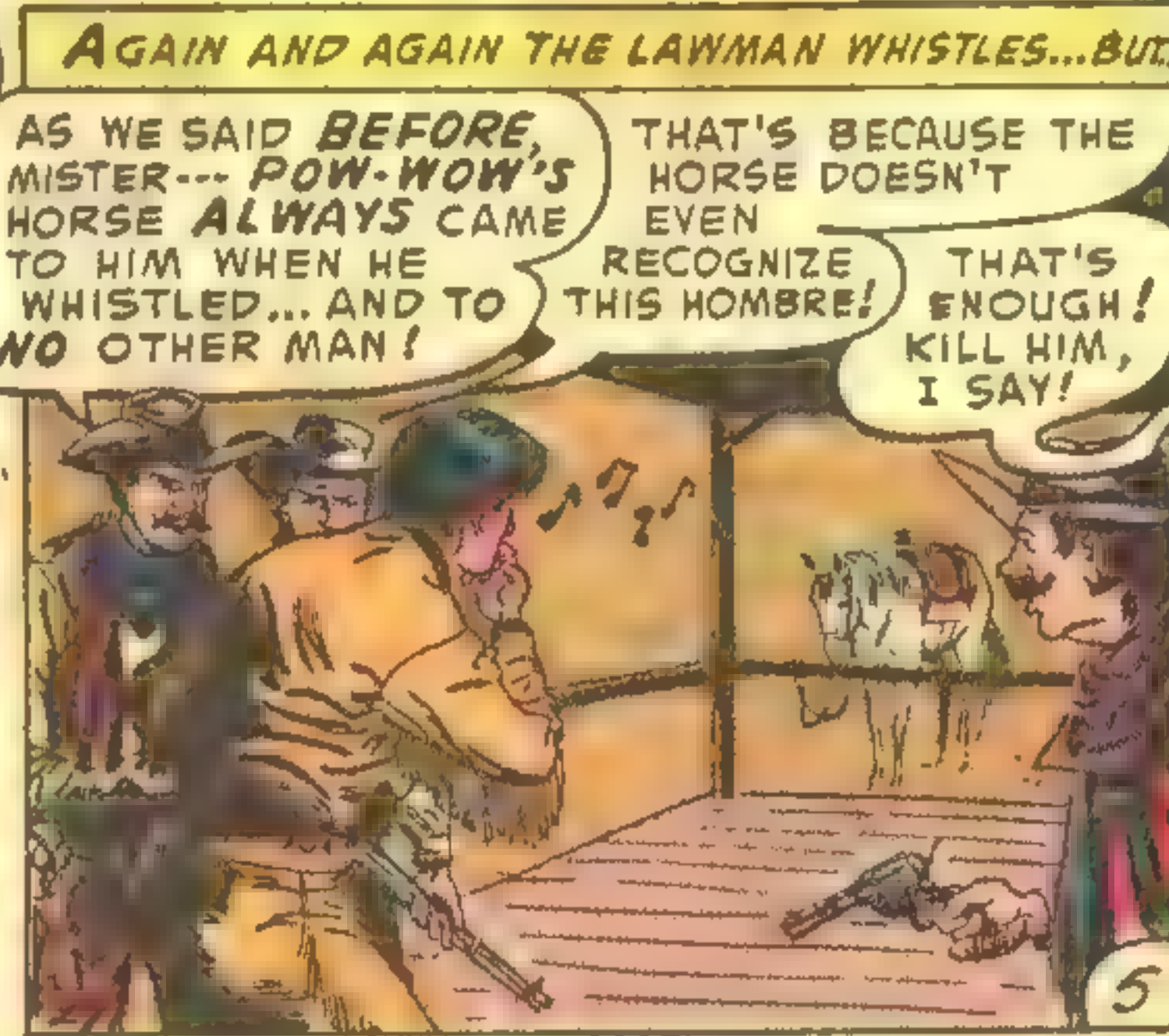
THE BURNED HAND DEAL IS OUT! **NOW** WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

WAIT! WHERE'S MY HORSE? HE'LL COME WHEN I WHISTLE TO HIM!



THAT'S RIGHT... **POW-WOW'S** HORSE ALWAYS CAME TO HIM WHEN HE WHISTLED FOR HIM-- AND HE'S THE **ONLY** MAN THE HORSE WOULD GO TO!

THERE'S YOUR HORSE--- OVER THERE! START WHISTLIN'!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE LAWMAN WHISTLES... BUT...

AS WE SAID **BEFORE**, MISTER--- **POW-WOW'S** HORSE **ALWAYS** CAME TO HIM WHEN HE WHISTLED... AND TO **NO** OTHER MAN!

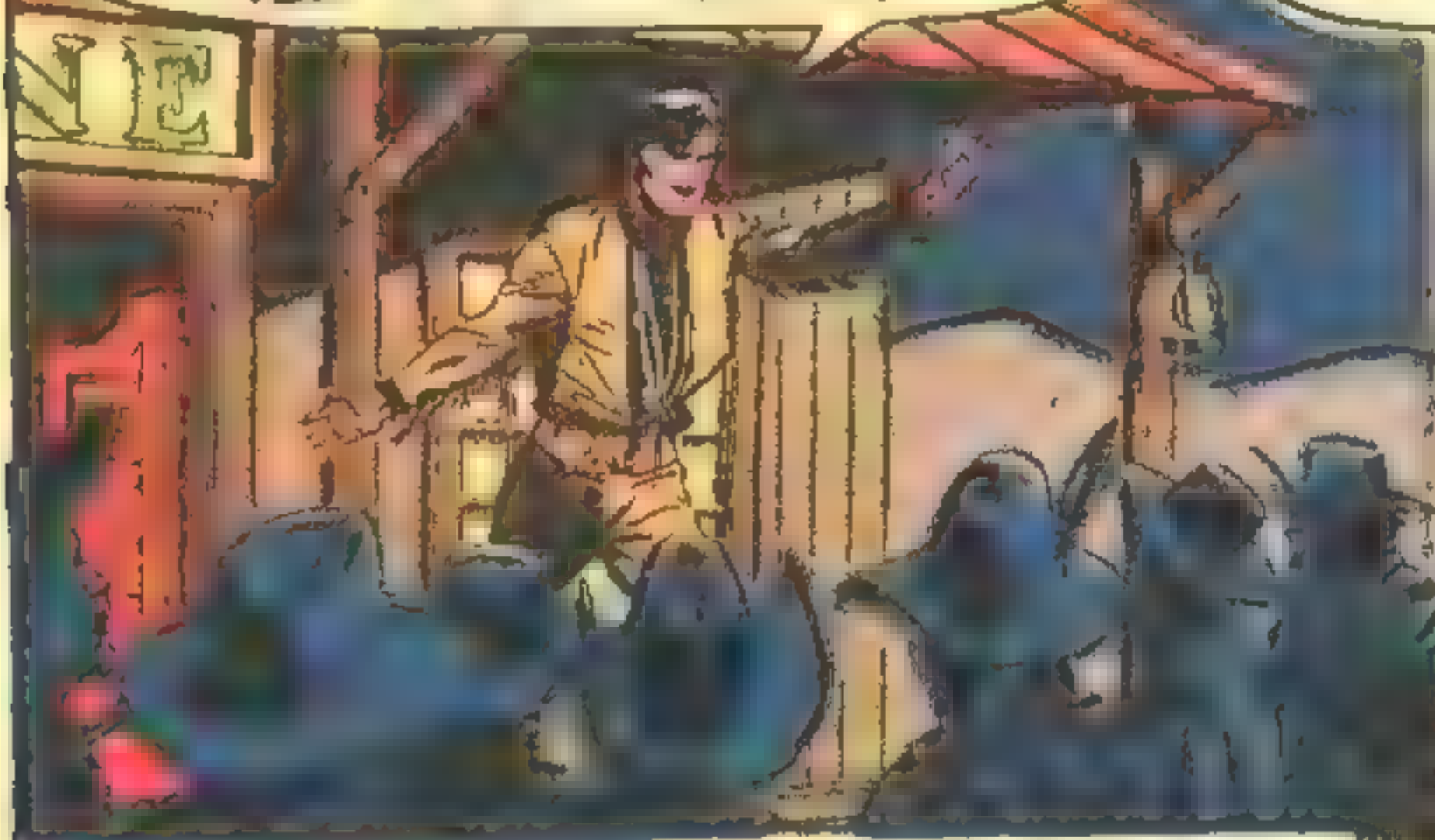
THAT'S BECAUSE THE HORSE DOESN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THIS HOMBRE!

THAT'S ENOUGH! KILL HIM, I SAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED--- BUT GIVE ME ONE LAST CHANCE! THIS TEST WON'T FAIL! FETCH MY LIFELONG FRIEND, **MIGHTY BEAVER**, FROM **RED DEER VALLEY**!

MIGHTY BEAVER AND I GREW UP TOGETHER AS BOYS... WE HUNTED TOGETHER, FOUGHT TOGETHER, AND HAVE REMAINED THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS! WHO WILL FETCH **MIGHTY BEAVER**?

I WILL! I'VE GOT A FAST HORSE! I'LL BRING **MIGHTY BEAVER** HERE!



AND AFTER A TENSE HOUR OF WAITING...

HERE'S **MIGHTY BEAVER** NOW! LOOK AT THIS MAN, **MIGHTY BEAVER**... TELL US IF HE'S **POW-WOW SMITH**, YOUR FRIEND!

HE LOOKS LIKE OHYESA--- EXACTLY LIKE HIM--- BUT I SHALL TEST HIM! TELL ME--- WHAT DID WE DO ON MY 14TH BIRTHDAY?



YOUR 14TH BIRTHDAY WAS A MEMORABLE ONE IN **RED DEER VALLEY**! I REMEMBER IT WELL! WE WERE IN THE GREAT WOODS TOGETHER... WHEN WE SUDDENLY SAW A KILLER GRIZZLY BEAR!



"I WAS WEAPONLESS... BUT YOU, **MIGHTY BEAVER**, HAD YOUR FIRST BOW AND ARROW! YOU NEVER FLINCHED--- YOU STOOD STEADY, TAKING CAREFUL AIM AT THE CHARGING BEAST..."



"ONE ARROW FOUND ITS MARK IN THE KILLER BEAR'S HEAD, AND HE FELL DEAD AT OUR FEET!"

LITTLE BEAVER, YOU HAVE SLAIN THE KILLER BEAR! NO LONGER WILL YOU BE JUST PLAIN BEAVER--- BUT FROM THIS DAY ON, **MIGHTY BEAVER**!

WE MUST GO TO THE VILLAGE AND TELL THE OTHERS, OHYESA!



LOOK! AS HE TALKED, HE WORKED HIS WAY TO HIS HORSE--- FOOLING ALL OF YOU! I NEVER KILLED A BEAR IN MY LIFE! **HE LIES!** AFTER THE IMPOSTOR! KILL HIM!

YEAH! STOP HIM! HE'S TRYIN' TO GET AWAY!

THEY'LL FORM A POSSE AND COME AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO OUTRIDE THEM, THEN PROVE A THEORY I HAVE! I THINK I NOW KNOW THE SOLUTION TO ALL THIS!

BLAM

BAM

A MILE OUT OF TOWN, WITH THE POSSE HOT BEHIND HIM, THE SIOUX DEPUTY RIDES UP TO A GREAT GORGE, WHERE...

IN A MOMENT, THE HORSE SWIMS DOWNSTREAM TO WHERE THEY EMERGE ON THE FAR SHORE, OUT OF RANGE OF THE BARKING GUNS BEHIND...

OVER WE GO, BOY, AND--- HEY... WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THE WHITE STUFF IN YOUR EARS?

WE'RE OUT OF RANGE... WE CAN RELAX NOW! THEY'LL NEVER JUMP OFF THE CLIFF! NO WONDER YOU COULDN'T HEAR ME WHISTLING FOR YOU... SOMEONE STUFFED **COTTON** IN YOUR EARS!

AS I FIGURED--- SOMEONE HAS PLOTTED MY DEATH! THE COTTON IS ONE GIVEAWAY... "**MIGHTY BEAVER**" IS THE OTHER! I'LL LOSE THE POSSE, **CIRCLE AROUND...**

... CUT ACROSS COUNTRY, AND TRY TO PICK UP "**MIGHTY BEAVER**!" THERE HE IS NOW--- HEADED FOR THAT CABIN YONDER... TO JOIN HIS FRIENDS, NO DOUBT!

NEXT, THE GALLANT LAWMAN SEES THE PURSUING POSSE, AND...

HALLO-O-O-O-O!

HOLD UP, BOYS! THERE'S THE FAKE **POW-WOW**, UP ON THE HEIGHTS!

LOT OF NERVE HE'S GOT--- **CALLIN' US!** LET'S RIDE UP THERE!

MOMENTS LATER...

ALL RIGHT, KILLER... WE'VE GOT YOU! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

I NOW HAVE THE PROOF!

MEN, LISTEN! I'M THE REAL POW-WOW SMITH! THERE HAS BEEN AN INGENUOUS PLOT TO KILL ME...

HMM... AFTER ALL, HE COULD'VE GOT AWAY... BUT HE SIGNALLED US! LET HIM TALK!

MY HAND WAS BURNED, YES... AND IT LOOKED BAD FOR ME! BUT SOMEBODY STUFFED COTTON IN MY HORSES EARS... THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T HEAR ME WHISTLE! AND NOW... LOOK DOWN THE TRAIL, WHERE MIGHTY BEAVER HAS JUST RIDDEN PAST...



"MIGHT BEAVER" WAS THE ONLY HORSEMAN WHO TOOK THAT TRAIL! HE SUPPOSEDLY IS AN INDIAN! REMEMBER THAT... AND STUDY THE TRAIL CLOSELY!

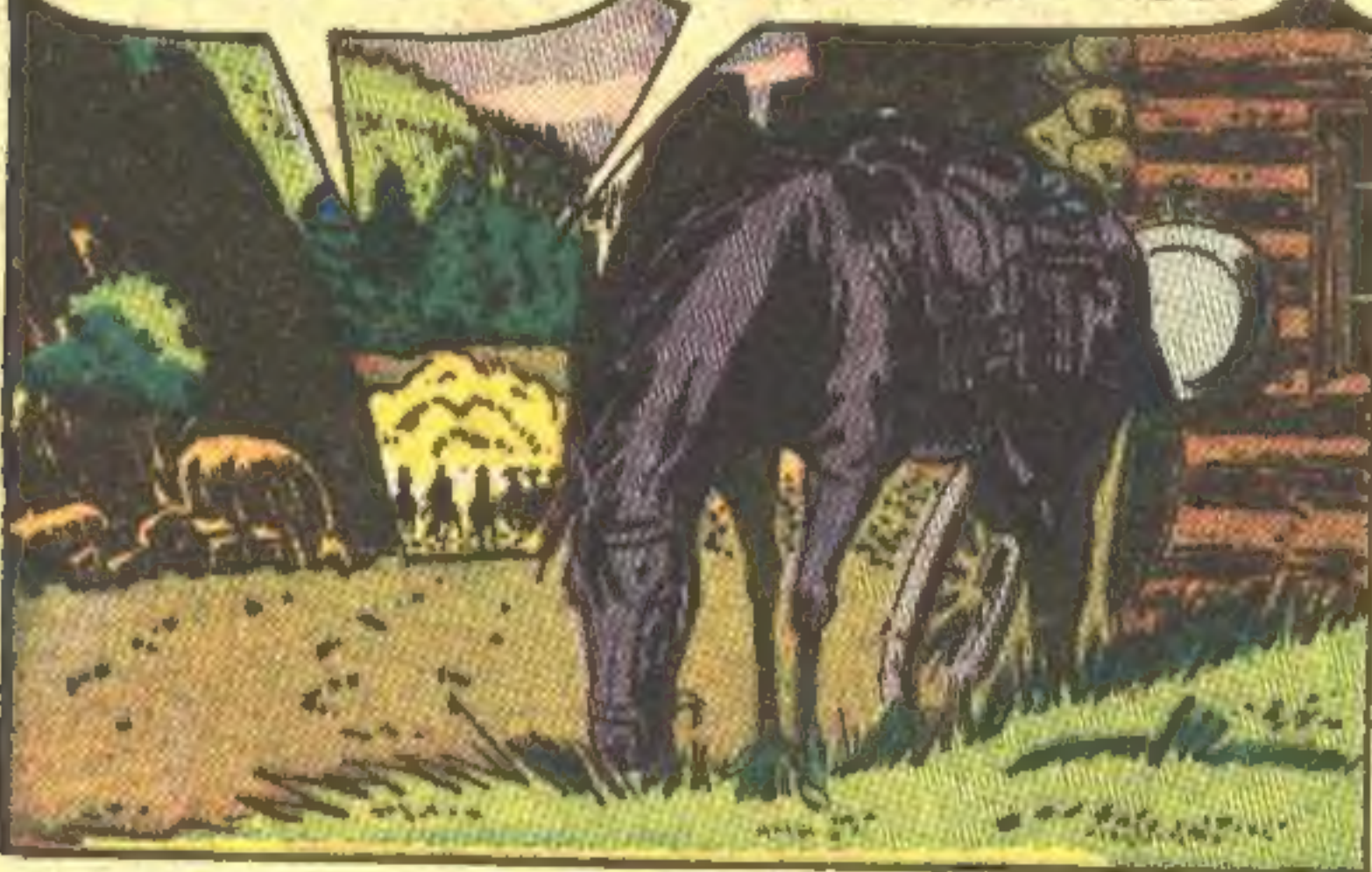
I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, MISTER!



AND AFTER A BRIEF EXPLANATION...

I COULD HAVE EXPOSED ALL THIS IN TOWN... BUT I WANTED "MIGHTY BEAVER" TO LEAD US TO HIS FRIENDS!

WE SURE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, POW-WOW! C'MON, MEN... WE'LL TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!



NEXT MINUTE, AT THE CABIN...

DON'T TRY ANYTHING! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

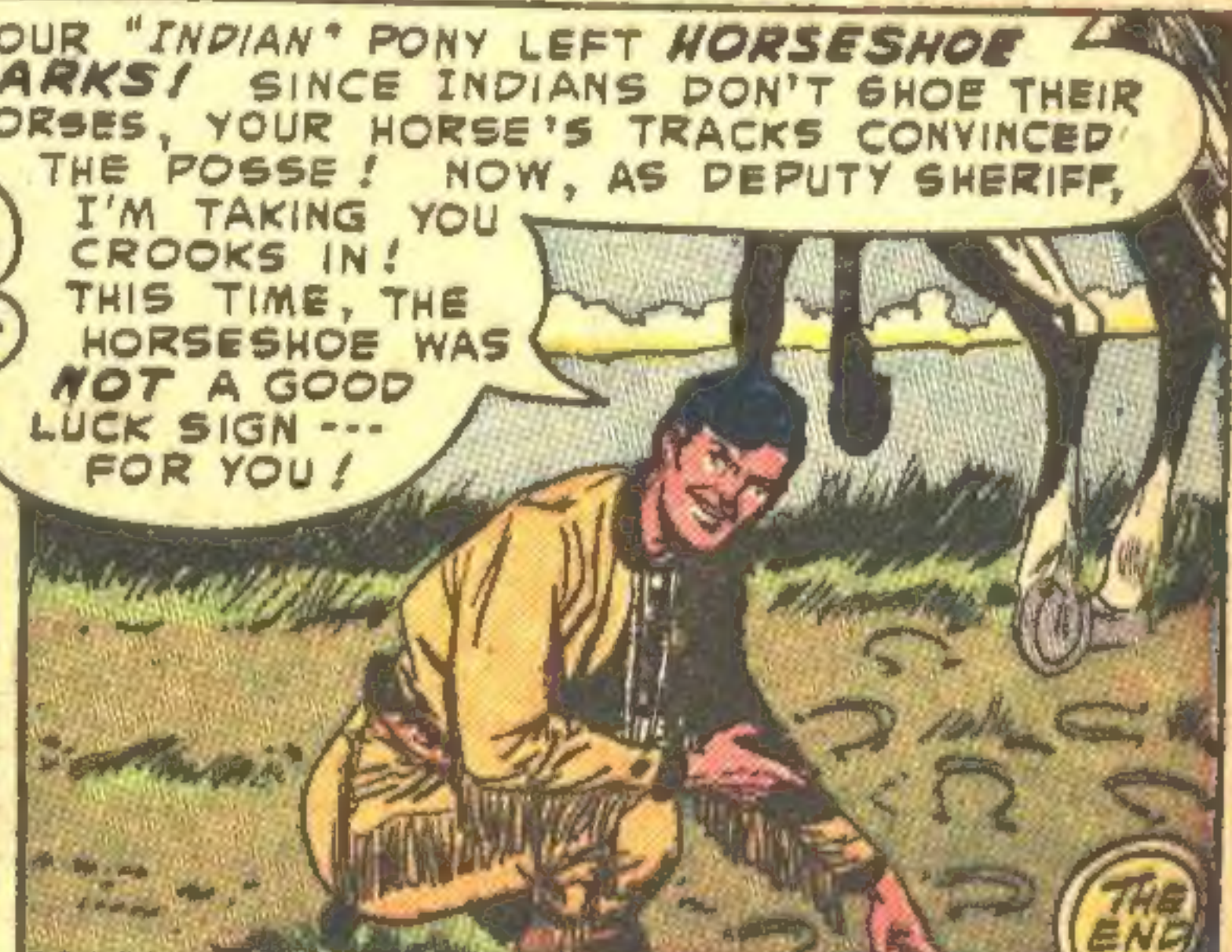
AND HERE'S THE IMPOSTOR... ONE OF THE GANG! INSTEAD OF FETCHING "MIGHTY BEAVER," HE TOOK HIS PLACE... AND TRIED TO MAKE ME OUT AS THE KILLER!



THESE CROOKS SPREAD THE RUMOR THAT I HAD BEEN KILLED AND THE MURDERER HAD TAKEN MY PLACE... HOPING I'D BE KILLED ON SIGHT! THEY FIGURED THEY'D THEN BE FREE TO OPERATE IN THIS AREA!

WE ALMOST DID IT, LAWMAN! HOW'D YOU CONVINCE THE POSSE THAT I WASN'T AN INJUN?

YOUR "INDIAN" PONY LEFT HORSESHOE MARKS! SINCE INDIANS DON'T SHOE THEIR HORSES, YOUR HORSE'S TRACKS CONVINCED THE POSSE! NOW, AS DEPUTY SHERIFF, I'M TAKING YOU CROOKS IN! THIS TIME, THE HORSESHOE WAS NOT A GOOD LUCK SIGN... FOR YOU!



THE END

"Hey YOU SKINNY
You look like
**SOMETHING
THE CAT
DRAGGED IN!**"

the boys yelled as I
dragged myself into the
gym, says Jowett Pupil,
Gleason R. Cleveland. Then
I gained 70 lbs.
and made the
football
team.

CLEVELAND
BEFORE
70 lb.
Skeleton

GLEASON
CLEVELAND
AFTER JOWETT
TRAINING
160 lbs. of
Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU
Like To Have A New
Body Like Mine? I added
7 INCHES to my **CHEST**
3 1/2 INCHES to each **ARM**
and to the rest of my
body in proportion as
YOU can.

Yours *John Sill*
UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,
Now YOU give me
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME**

LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID
and I'll give YOU a New
HE-MAN BODY as I gave
MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or
flabby you are. I'll make you
OVER by the SAME method I turned
myself from a wreck to the strongest
of the strong. Why can't I do for you
what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of
skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see **INCHES** of **MIGHTY**
MUSCLE added to your **ARMS** and
CHEST. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS**
broadened. From head to heels, you'll
gain **SIZE, POWER, SPEED**. You'll be
A **WINNER** in **EVERYTHING** you tackle.

**ONLY MY
5-WAY PROGRESSIVE
POWER SYSTEM
BUILDS YOU
5-WAYS FAST
SO YOU
SAVE YEARS
AND
DOLLARS**

**GEORGE
F. JOWETT**
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

like John
BECOME A
MOVIE STAR
HE-MAN

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU ^{do}
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS.

of SHAPELY
MIGHTY MUSCLES
FREE!

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon
get this "AMAZING
"SECRETS" Photo Book
while you can.

AMAZING SECRETS
How to WIN
MUSCLES like IRON
NERVES of STEEL
World's Great
EXPERT Tells
You How YOU
Can **BECOME**
An All-Around
ALL-AMERICAN
HE-MAN in
10 MINUTES of
FUN A DAY
IN YOUR HOME.
PHOTO BOOK **FREE**
while they last!

This Book
will also show You
HOW YOU CAN WIN
\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)
as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN!
WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence.

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!
Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popular-
ity. Make More Money.

John Sill
was a 125 lb.
Skinny
Weakling

Before \$1 price goes back
YOUR LAST CHANCE
TO GET
ALL 5 FREE!
PICTURE PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD
FOR \$1 AND MORE
Just send me a dime
for postage and handling



LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

Dept. HC38

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MAN"
— O. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for **FREE** offer and **PRIZES!**

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to
Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!

Take Easy Orders For STUART CHRISTMAS CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can
Make Money For The
Things You
Really
Want!

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

K.W.C., Geneva, Nebr., made \$64.00
K.C., Marion, Ind., made \$52.00
J.D., Milwaukee, Wis., made \$108.00
S.K., Chicago, Ill., made \$147.00
R.B., Medway, Mass., made \$59.00
D.S., Boulder, Colo., made \$55.00
D.B., Holland, Mich., made \$50.00
W.A., Goodland, Ind., made \$59.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

MAIL
COUPON
NOW

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 423, Chicago 6, Ill.

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 423
325 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

If for a club, give its name above.

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS
ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

**BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!**

WE GIVE YOU **CASH** OR **PREMIUMS!**

MAIL
COUPON

Footballs,
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

Fishing Outfits
Flashlights
1000 Shot
Daisy Air Rifles

ACT
NOW!

HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail
coupon for SALVE
and pictures to start.

ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

LET'S
GO!

LOOK!

ACT
NOW!

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Lovable
Dolls.

Radios,
Candid Cameras with carrying
cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid)
... Mail coupon to start.

Food Chop-
pers, Carving
Sets, Bibles.
Mail coupon.

WE TRUST
YOU!

LET'S
GO!

.22 Cal.
Rifles, Arch-
ery Sets, School
Boxes, Wallets.

Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures
to start.

Boys',
Girls' Wrist
Watches,
Baking Sets,
Typewriters,
etc.

Lucite
Dresser
Sets, Cook
Books, etc.

ACT NOW!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE,
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!
IT'S EASY SELLING TO
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART
PICTURES -

THAT'S
FOR ME!

SAY! THAT CAMERA
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!
YOU MUST HAVE
STRUCK A
URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST
ME A DIME -
JUST GOT IT FOR
SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY -
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!



OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks,
Pen & Pencil
Sets, etc.
Mail
coupon.

**MAIL COUPON!
GET BIG CATALOG!**

Candid Cameras with carrying case,
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neigh-
bors, relatives at 35c a box
(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen
& Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Tele-
scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,
Record Players. Movie Machines
(postage pd.). Rush cou-
pon to start!

LET'S
GO!

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
... NOT BE ADVERTISED THEATRE

WE TRUST
YOU!

OUR
58th YEAR!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. H115 Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL